CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

Magazines—The National Medium

A Talk to Advertisers from "Economic Advertising."

Magazines and similar periodicals of general circulation, edited to appeal alike to people in all or large sections of the country, may be said to be the only truly national medium. Newspapers, posters, street cars, etc., are essentially local in their appeal and influence, and are generally regarded as intensive mediums—as compared with nationally circulated periodicals which are recognized and used as *extensive* in their appeal and influence.

National adverting and national advertisers are unquestionably the outgrowth of the magazines. The biggest advertisers on the continent made their small beginnings as national advertisers in the magazines. Many of the firms which are the biggest advertisers to-day, whose goods are the best established in every community in the United States and Canada, were magazine advertisers years ago when the volume of magazine circulation in the United States, in proportion to the population, was smaller than what exists in Canada to-day. Many of these advertisers originally confined their advertising to the magazines. Some of them have been exclusive magazine advertisers during all the years since they began.

It would be interesting to take the list of 10,000 or 12,000 firms who are listed as *national* advertisers in the United States and check off those which *became national advertisers by* running "a little advertising in a few magazines." many of them began in a small way in a few magazines. Later, they took on a few more magazines, and in many cases increased their space. Then as the national influence of this advertising was felt in different sections of the country their magazine advertising was supplemented with posters or a little newspaper advertising or dealer helps and window displays.

* * * * * * *

Magazine circulation in Canada has been growing in volume and power during recent years to an extent which may not be fully appreciated.

A year before the war there was available to the advertiser in Canada a total of approximately 150,000 magazine circulation—not including the circulation of illustrated weeklies such as *Saturday Night*, the *Montreal Standard*, etc., nor the *few* religious and other periodicals which are sometimes included among mediums of general circulation. To-day there is available to the national advertiser a total of approximately 400,000 magazine circulation. Until the fullest advantage is taken of this volume of circulation in the development of new national advertisers who would naturally, under any circumstances, begin with "a little advertising in a few magazines," and until it is utilised to give backbone and a real national influence to the campaigns of many of the larger advertisers, there can be no complaint about appropriations not being large enough or the volume of circulation not being large enough.

* * * * * * * *

Just as the magazine as a medium and the national advertiser as a nation-wide distributor of his product have grown up together in the United States, so it will be true in Canada. Magazines are logically the national medium, they are the readiest, most economical and most effective channel through which to begin a campaign seeking national distribution and national advertising influence. And just as many national advertisers in the United States back up their "local" advertising in newspapers, posters, etc., with a certain amount of magazine advertising, so it would be well if in Canada more consideration were given to the utilization of the volume of magazine circulation which is now available in backing up the intensive advertising for which the newspapers are, by their local character and the limited zone of their influence, peculiarly adapted.

Why are so many national advertisers only partially satisfied with the effect of their newspaper campaigns in accomplishing their desired purpose? Why do we so often hear advertisers in Canada express the wish that we had more magazines—or that we could use the Canadian circulation of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Saturday Evening Post*, etc.? Why is it that so much of the advertising appearing in Canadian magazines is of American origin—used to give the required influence in Canada to the overflow circulation of the American publications which they use? Why is it so difficult to develop new national advertisers in Canada? Is it not because the service which the magazines in Canada can alone most successfully and economically perform is too often overlooked or under-estimated?

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Let your skin really breathe at night

Powder by day as often as you like, but if you really want the charm of "a skin you love to touch," do, do let your skin breathe at night.

If you care for the looks of your skin, if you really want a clear, fresh complexion, don't go to bed a single night with powder flakes and the dust and grime of the day still lodged in the delicate pores.

Use this special Woodbury treatment regularly each night, and see what a wonderful difference it will make in your skin.

Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to the face until the skin is damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and go over your face with the cake itself. Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather thoroughly into the pores of your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse thoroughly with warm water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight this famous skin treatment. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment.

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

Send for a week's-size cake

If you would like a sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, send 4c and we will send you a cake large enough for a week's use. Write today! Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2309 Sherbrooke St. Perth, Ontario.

MADE IN CANADA

VOLUME TWENTY-TWO NUMBER 5

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON SEPTEMBER 1917

The World's Record Patrol

By Janey Canuck

Illustrated from Photographs

EARLY in the year 1915 there set out from Regina, the headquarters of the Royal North West Mounted Police, a young Irishman named C. D. La Nauze who was destined to make the longest patrol ever made in the Dominion and probably in the world. When he returns to his base, he will have travelled nearly six thousand miles without once having left Canadian territory. The time occupied will be over two years. It has also fallen to his lot to hold and have jurisdiction in the farthest north Court of Justice on the Continent of America.

Uluksak—"Copper" Eskimo. Arrested on an Island in Coronation Gulf, May 22, 1916, by Great Bear Lake Patrol, and charged with the murder of Rev. Fathers Le Roux and Rouvier

The quest of this man was to find out and report what had befallen two missionary priests to the Eskimos, who had been missing since 1913, the Fathers Le Roux and Rouvier. Leaving Regina, Inspector La Nauze travelled north to Peace River Crossing where he was joined by Constables Wight and Withers. From thence the party proceeded down the Peace River; down the Slave River; across the Great Slave Lake and down the Mackenzie River to Fort Norman where they were joined by Special Constable D'Arcy Arden and Special Constable Eskimo Ilavinik.

As a general thing the Eskimos, or as they call themselves, the Innuits are a harmless and peaceful people, a fact which once caused an old Police Inspector to say, "After all my long experiences in the world, I could almost wish I had been born an Eskimo." It was not strange, therefore, that the police were unsuspicious of foul play when the two priests were reported to be missing. They naturally deduced that somewhere in the illimitable wastes and solitudes of the north, these men had perished from cold and hunger or, mayhap, had been drowned amid the loose and floating ice of some channel of open water.

But when the party arrived at Fort Norman and met some of the bands of Indians who had travelled southward from the land of little sticks where live the caribou and musk-ox, and these Indians reported that the Eskimos at the mouth of the Coppermine River were wearing "church shirts" and were refusing to say where they had acquired them, the quest suddenly took on a more sinister aspect.

These Indians feared that Messieurs, the Sacraficiers, had been killed by the "eaters of raw meat," a fear which proved to be well-grounded for, in the end, the police found this thing to be grimly true, and that a tragedy had happened in the bitter and ultimate northlands "where God has few for His fellows"—a tragedy that was entire, hopeless, brutal and beyond appeal. In this country, be it known to all readers, the devil does not wear scarlet coat with hose to match and eyebrows that are strangely aslant. Contrariwise, he is a loutish, burly fellow, with small brain-pan, loose-lipped mouth, and with ice pendant from his straight black hair. Lord, what a fearful looking man he is!

On July 23rd, the party left Fort Norman and travelled up the Swift Bear River to Bear Lake, crossing

Sinnisiak "Copper" Eskimo. Arrested on south coast of Victoria Land, May 16, 1916, by Great Bear Lake Patrol, and charged with the murder of Rev. Fathers Le Roux and Rouvier

which they came to Dease Bay on its far north-eastern extremity. From this point, on September the 19th, they set out for Lake Rouvier, so named by C. M. Douglas, the author of "Land

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The Eskimo prisoners in charge of Constable Lamont. From left to right: Ilavinik, interpreter; Patsy, half Dane and half Eskimo, witness; Sinnisiak and Uluksak, alleged murderers

Forlorn," in honour of one of the Missionary priests who had established the mission in 1911 for the Coppermine Eskimos. After nine days' travel through the Barren Grounds, the police reached Rouvier on December 28th and, winter having set in, remained until March 29th, 1916, when they again took up the patrol, their objective point being the Coppermine River where it debouches into Coronation Gulf.

The Eskimos they met on the journey were frankly curious as to the intentions of the white men and enquired if they had come thither to trade. Inspector La Nauze, through Special Constable Ilavinik, explained that he had been sent to visit them by "the Big White Chief" and to tell them what was right and wrong. But however his tongue may have itched, Inspector La Nauze asked no questions nor once mentioned the names of the missing priests.

A month later, at Bernard Harbour, La Nauze came upon the camp of the Canadian Arctic Expedition which was in charge of Mr. K. G. Chipman, who was engaged in mapping out the East Coast of Coronation Gulf. In this camp, he also met with Corporal Bruce, of the Herschel Island Detachment of Mounted Police. Bruce had with him a number of articles he had quietly purchased from the Eskimos on his journey across country, or had taken from their caches. Among these were a priest's cassock marked "R.Pere Rouvier"; a blanket capote with two rosettes at the back; a brass communion plaque; a crucifix and rosary; a book entitled "La Religion en Tableaux," and a Latin Breviary on the fly page of which was the inscription,

"G.Le Roux,
Oblat de Marie Immaculee".

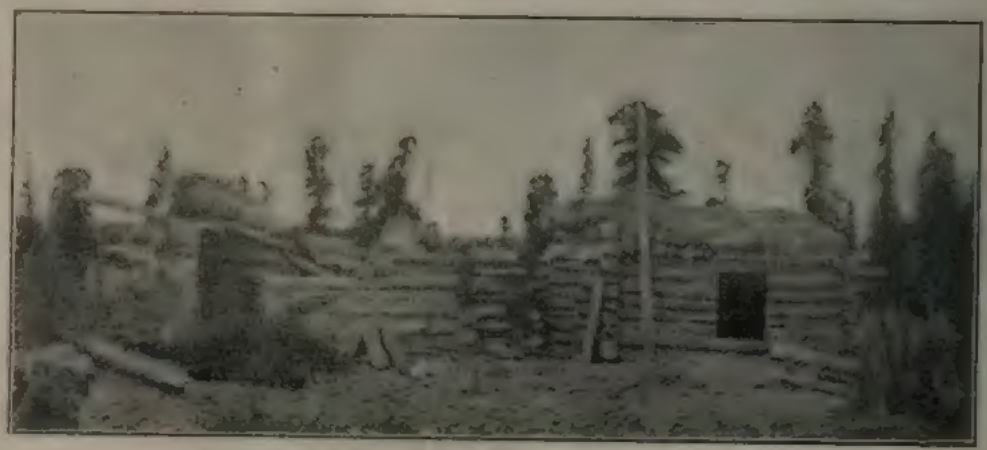
On May, the fourth, La Nauze and his party left Chipman's camp and pushed westward till, two days later they came to the village of Innuaireneruit, where they were heartily welcomed, and where the people said a visit to the snow hut of Nachin and Ekkeshuina who were friends of Natusiak, who was Stefansson's man and, incidentally, a friend of Ilavinik. It is thus, through the friends of friends, that Fate most often winds her ball, but Fate, you must know, is a woman and ever has an eye for a dashing cavalier. This was how she came to put the ball, that night, into the hands of La Nauze instead of sending him past this hut for yet hundreds of leagues across the ice and snow.

And when the little company had gossiped about Natkusiak, their mutual friend, and how, on the Dismal Lakes, his face had been badly burned with powder, and how Nachin's wife had nursed him, Ilavinik, with soft and slippery words as though he supped on blubber, asked if either of them had before seen anything so strange as these Indians called white men.

"Oh, yes, my brother! replied Nachin and Ekkeshuina, "We have seen them. We have seen them often."

In speaking of this event La Nauze says, "I sat back and let Ilavinik do the talking. I heard him question them closely and I could see him trembling. I asw that something was happening, but I never moved and in about five minutes he turned to me and said 'I got him. The priests were killed by Husky, alright; these men very, very sorry' and, indeed, they appeared to be for they both covered their faces with their hands and there was dead silence in the igloo."

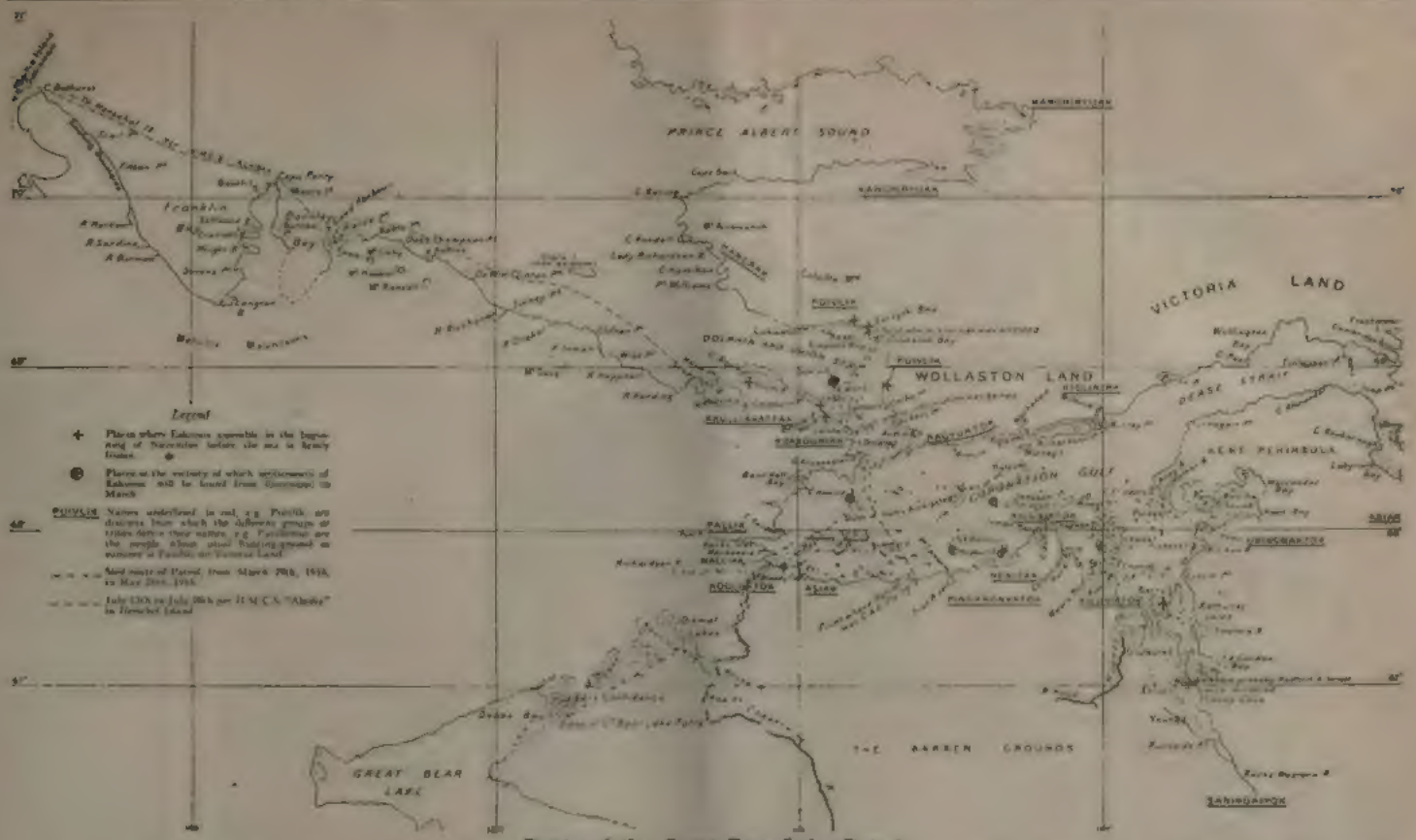
At this time a number of men crowded into the hut and a man named Koeha, who was true-tongued and no liar, and who with three others, had visited the scene of the murder, gave a succinct account of the whole affair.



Cabin of Reverend Fathers Le Roux and Rouvier, as found by Mounted Police, September, 1915

Stefansson was the first white man they had ever seen. In all other matters the Eskimos were noticeably reticent. The following day, the party camped at a village in the Union Straits where La Nauze and Ilavinik went on

His telling of it and the interpretation thereof occupied six hours. Stated briefly, the priests, in 1913, left the Coppermine River to travel to their base on the Dease Bay. Forty-eight hours later, two Eskimos took up the



Route of the Great Bear Lake Patrol

priest's trail and returned a few days later carrying the priest's rifles. These men were Sinnisiak and Uluksak. They said they had killed the priests and had eaten part of their liver. Uluksak related how Sinnisiak had stabbed Father Le Roux in the back and that he had corroborated this side of the argument with an axe. Then Sinnisiak shot Father Rouvier who had made a dash for his sled to get a rifle.

The spot where the murder took place was at Bloody Falls, so called by Hearne, the first white man to cross overland to the Arctic for it was here his party of one hundred and fifty Indians fell upon, and treacherously murdered a camp of sleeping Eskimos, sparing neither man, woman, nor child.

There is a Finnish legend which says, "Listen to the moaning of the pines, at whose root thy hut is fastened." This advice is meant for hearth-keeping folk and its exercise may prove both pleasant and profitable, but in our primordial north with its ferocious-hearted passions, the Eskimo, priest, or other traveller whose sleeping ear becomes dulled to the moan of waters is apt to sleep eternally.

That night in the hut of Nachin and Ekkeshuina, the skin-clad natives said their hearts were filled with a sorrowful feeling for the priests were good men who had helped them often, giving them powder, and lead, and teaching them to catch fish with nets. And Hupo's wife, Ohoviloh, who was a shrewd sewer and made clothes for the missionaries said, "These two men were telling us about the land above the skies. They showed us colored pictures of Heaven, and said that after we died we would go there. They used

Inspector La Nauze and prisoners Sinnisiak and Uluksak at Bernard Harbor, Dolphin and Union Straits, June, 1916

to sing just like the Eskomos when they make medicine. They held our hands and taught us to make the sign of the cross, and they put a little bread sometimes in my mouth. These men could talk our language well."

And so it would seem that Messieurs, the Sacraficiers, had stalwart endowments of mind and character, and that these were princely in courtesy as in kindness. Let us, therefore,

". . . . . Salute the sacred dead
Who went and who return not.
We rather seem the dead who stayed behind."

On May 11th, Corporal Bruce laid complaint before Inspector La Nauze charging Sinnisiak and Uluksak on two counts of murder each. The following day, the party started for Victoria Land to effect the arrest of Sinnisiak, which arrest they accomplished two days later. The accused was shaping himself a bow when the man-hunters came upon him and, at first, was speechless with fear expecting to be killed on the spot. At length he asked the interpreter, "What do these men want?" and was told the white men wanted him to go with them. "If white men kill me" threatened Sinnisiak, "I will make medicine and the ship will go down in the ice and all will be drowned."

At first, he resisted arrest and sat still trembling with terror but the other Eskimo, although hitherto ungoverned and untutored, quickly grasped the situation and urged him to go with his

captors. In order that the people or the prisoner might not be unduly excited, La Nauze told him he might bring his wife and effects, after which there was no trouble, although he was fearful of the police and tried to keep awake lest he should be stabbed.

On May 17th, La Nauze held the preliminary trial of Sinnisiak who, up to this time, had been carefully warned not to make a statement. Evidence for the prosecution was given by Corporal Bruce and Special Constable Ilavinik. The following are the minutes of this farthest north court:—

"Court opened 4.15 p. m., May 17th, 1916.

Special Constable Ilavinik sworn in as court interpreter, between Eskimo and English, and English and Eskimo.

Court adjourned for two hours from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m.

9.30 p.m. accused committed for trial on two charges of murder, i.e., the murder of Rev. Father Roux and Rev. Father Rouvier.

9.35 p.m., Court closed.

C. D. La Nauze J. P."

After the evidence had been fully explained and the usual warning given, the accused said "I want to speak," whereupon he made a full confession. He claimed that Le Roux and Rouvier had beaten him and Uluksak and had threatened them with rifles and that, accordingly, they killed the priests in self-defence.

With orders to hold him fast in the name of His Sovereign Lord, King George, and the next Court of competent jurisdiction, Sinnisiak was left in the charge of Corporal Bruce while La Nauze and Constable Wight started eastward to locate and apprehend his accomplice, Uluksak. They were accompanied by Eskimo "Patsy," a handsome young whelp, who was taken to identify the wanted man. Four days later, they found him on an island in the Gulf, ten miles from the mouth of the Coppermine. While yet a long way off, the Eskimos saw them coming and ran to meet them, holding up their hands for a peace token. That is to say, all of them came but Uluksak whom Patsy pointed out. As the police went forward to arrest him, Uluksak also held up his hands and said *Goana, goana*, meaning "Thank you. I am glad."

When asked if he knew why they had come, he replied, "Oh yes! You have come to kill me. The other two white men hit me over the head, will you do this?"

While offering to go quietly, he asked to remain at home until his wife had finished his water boots. Now, while this request would seem strange to the police in lovelier latitudes it would not seem so to our Riders of the Plains, who, on isolated and snow-bound steadings have frequently to haul water for the cattle; cut wood for the fires; and lay in supplies for the family before finally taking the head of the household into custody. Tom McInnes was only half right when he said

Hupo's wife, Ohoviloh, who made clothes for the murdered missionaries

"It's every man and dog for himself on the endless Arctic waste."

In this case, the prisoner's wife, although much perturbed, caused little trouble, for La Nauze gave her a box of matches, a cup, and a little tent of silk. He also told the people—for he is a rarely fine gentleman, this young Justice of the Peace—that if they would care for and help this woman with her unborn babe, it was quite certain that some day they would be all rewarded.

The preliminary trial of Uluksak took place on the twenty-ninth of the same month when he also, with fearful eyes and trembling lips, confessed his share in the killing, and was committed for trial.

The wife of Sinnisiak having been bribed with a few presents to return to her home in Victoria Land, La Nauze decided to accept the offer of the Canadian Arctic Expedition and take his prisoners out by the Herschel Island route rather than take the risk of their escaping on the long trip across country. And so it came about that on August the 28th, 1916, the Great Bear Patrol, then reduced to two men, brought their prisoners safely to Herschel Island in the Yukon Territory, the last and least inviting post of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. It may be said both to the credit of the police and the prisoners, that not once was a handcuff or leg-iron called into use.

La Nauze is unable to say whether the priests were the victims of their own untactfulness, or whether they were deliberately murdered for their rifles, there being no statement but that of the Eskimos.

. . . . . It was at the Chutes of the Peace River above Fort Vermillion that I, Janey Canuck, having come down north from Edmonton, met with the Great Bear Lake Patrol.

The men composing this patrol having wintered on Herschell Islands, had left it on May 9th reaching the Chutes or Rapids on August 3rd.

What the lives of these policemen has been for the winter can best be described in the words of the late Agnes Deans Cameron; "Against the sense of responsibility and the consciousness that he has been chosen to play the man here on the rim of the world, he has to place all that makes life worth the candle elsewhere—art, music, the amenities of life, wife, children, home.

Here in the little windswept Island of Whales, the furthest north industrial centre of America, our policeman (no longer mounted) takes his bearings. He is in latitude 69½ deg. N and just about 139 deg. W of Greenwich. . . . . Lifting itself one thousand feet above sea-level, this shelter for ships where our officer is to build his driftwood barracks, and where the sea-birds whirl at his approach, is an island twenty-three miles in circumference, with neither water nor fuel. For six months every year comparitive darkness wraps it round. Snow and ice hold it fast till mid-July, its people the most incongruous that Fate ever jostled together in one corner."

After the long dreary months at Herschel Island, the flowers and fruit; the blessed amity of the sky and river, and the greeness of the trees must have been balm to their souls. All life in the north seeks rest in the south, and every dog that deserts his post runs in this direction.

The party had travelled south in the steamer, *River McMurray* and, at the Chutes, had crossed the portage to the steamer *D. A. Thomas* in order that they might continue their journey to Peace River Crossing, and from thence to train by Edmonton. The party was composed of Inspector La Nauze, Corporal Bruce, Constables Wight and Lamong, Special Constable Ilavinik, and Eskimos "Patsy," Kehoa, and the prisoners. Accompanying them was a splendid young fellow, a graduate of

Continued on page 294.

The Big Interests as the Public's Football

By Richard Flintoff

Illustrated from Cartoons

"I'VE lived in Toronto all my life but it was only the other day that I really noticed how closely the poverty of the Ward nestled around the habitations of the rich. Sir Joseph Flavelle's mansion never seemed to me so imposing nor the wretchedness of the Ward so apparent."

This was not the impression of an ordinary man—but a lawyer. I do not mean to say that lawyers are all extraordinary men. As a rule they are more discerning, and understand the causes which on the one hand lead to mansions in Queen's Park, Toronto, and on the other to quarters in the Ward. This lawyer understood them, as I soon found.

The average man of the Ward is not by any means a poor man. He has means of trade in his own way; to work at such work and in his own way, which he does and makes money. Deposits in Ward banks, if examined, would disclose the fact that the average citizen of that district has as much ready cash at his disposal as in any other district in Toronto, but the folk there have their own way of living. An occasional home will be found without stairway or basement, or with them in a very modest way, but scrupulously tidy and wholesome. The immediate neighbors may be just as happy in what to the superficially observing are wretched surroundings. The latter type may be the wealthier of the two, and part of the wealth accumulated may be the result of charity bestowed upon them by the well-to-do who seek solace of conscience in what they regard as philanthropy; also by the enterprise of newspapers which does not scruple to boost circulation and reputation by doing for others what they are well able to do for themselves, under the guise of charity.

Problems of the "Idle Rich".

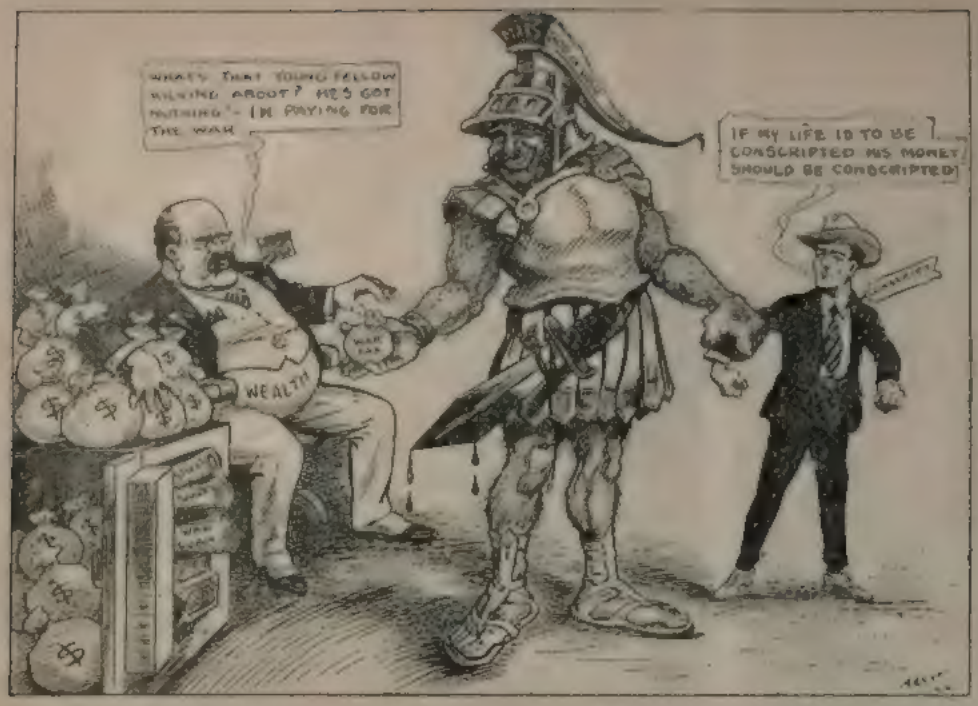
My lawyer friend admitted these conditions. When his interest was stimulated by a few questions, he ventured the remark that "the idle rich who take the 'charity' course towards becoming 'somebody' would be badly off 'without the Ward' ". Not only the "idle rich" but many estimable, well-intentioned citizens, have been led to spend and grieve needlessly by the voluminous "pathos" anent the so-called poor of that district. Its appearance, let it be admitted, does not indicate the extent of its wealth; it does indicate that the people living in it have not yet learned to appreciate fully the common and desirable standard of living in Canada.

From the Grain Growers' Guide

This Cartoon which bore the caption "The Pork Route to The Peerage," is a fair sample of the recent campaign of the press against the big interests

Just as carelessly have impressions been formed regarding "Big interests." The term ought to be spelled with capitals because for some months, especially until the general election, now talked of, has become a matter of history it is likely to be the backbone of the shibboleths of all parties contending for power. My lawyer friend's mind, as that of thousands of other excellent citizens, had become hypnotized by the constant iteration and reiteration by the press generally, during the first half of what promises to be the most eventful year of the Dominion, of flippant charges against "Big Interests". What is meant by the term is not very clear in anybody's mind. For the moment they are typified in the person of Sir Joseph Flavelle.

By inadvertence it may have been, or by zeal of a journalist not trained to read reports or weigh the pros and cons back of their conclusions, or by malicious intent, the statement gained currency that Sir Joseph cleaned up $5,000,000 in a year out of bacon. That figure represents "margin" or the difference between the cost of the pork in the first instance—or the price paid to the farmer—plus the manufacturing cost, and the amount received from sales of the manufactured product. This explanation is given by Investigator O'Connor. A further conclusion drawn also was that of the total quantity of bacon sold in Canada the proportion handled by one Company, Sir Joseph's, was so large as to constitute a practical monopoly.


WHAT'S THAT YOUNG FELLOW TALKING ABOUT? HE'S GOT NOTHING - I'M PAYING FOR THE WAR
IF MY LIFE IS TO BE CONSCRIPTED HIS MONEY SHOULD BE CONSCRIPTED
WEALTH

From the Grain Growers' Guide

Nothing but his life

Sir Joseph as a Target.

If it was the intention to defend Sir Joseph in particular it would be necessary to give more specifically the charges made against him, but the merchant Knight is well able to take care of himself. Let it be said, however, that in the opinion of the writer history will account him as one of the great citizens of Canada. The deluge of vituperation now being heaped upon his head will recoil upon his traducers.

By virtue of Sir Joseph's position as head of The Imperial Munitions Board, and of his public utterances to the effect that considerations of profit on munitions of war should be secondary to the urgency of their requirement, the charges laid at his door by an investigator constitute in the mind of the public the type of "Big Interests" representatives which is commonly alleged to control governments, the machinery that makes them, as well as the cost of food and other common necessities of life. This position of eminence has been bestowed upon him by newspapers from one end of the Dominion to the other. No space other than that paid for by Sir Joseph's firm is apparently used in his defence. Newspapers generally assume the investigator's statement to be correct and proceed forthwith to pass judgment without awaiting either the investigator's final word on the matter, or the findings of another commission appointed to elucidate the investigator's figures.

Sir Joseph has been long known as a keen business man, of good judgment and irreproachable rectitude. In some ventures he has failed but in others he has succeeded. It took him many years to reach what might be called success, in his course to which his reputation as being reliable and trustworthy steadily enhanced. Under the circumstances, at a time when he is faced with a serious charge, he is entitled to a fair trial. Hear him speak. Until he has done so reserve judgment. It is a breach of a good Anglo-Saxon custom to condemn a man without trial, to set down Sir Joseph as an unworthy citizen as has been so generally done.

How the Press Paints Him.

The Regina Leader underlines a cartoon in which Sir Joseph is depicted as getting away with $5,000,000 while waving the Union Jack, by some verses headed "Traitors of Trade" of which this is a sample:—

"For the breed we fight on the other side
Is part of your own black brood—
While they drop shells on a sick man's bed,
You're boosting the price of food.
But you who stand in the market place,
Oh, watch ye the turning tide,
For scullion, cook and carpenter
Are nursing a hate inside."

Another Western newspaper, *The Edmonton Bulletin*, is more cautious. "Assuming," it says, "that Sir Joseph Flavelle plundered the public last year—it is not at all probable that Sir Joseph did last year anything different than he was doing the year before. Profiteering in Canada did not begin in 1916. Is Sir Joseph being pilloried now for doing last year what he likely did the previous year—without interference, or is it because someone wants to 'get back' at him, for his 'to-hell-with-your-profits' attitude toward the munition makers who wanted to go on robbing the British Taxpayer in the way the Shell Committee used to allow?"

Two quotations given illustrate the quality of the daily output—that term does not overstate the fact—of comment and condemnation which aims to lay at the door of "Big Interests" the dual motive of robbing the British taxpayer and Canadian consumers. The O'Connor report, judging by the morsels of it given by the press, lent itself to misconstruction. Only an inclination to do so however could have resulted in its being construed as evidence of a general conspiracy to hold up prices and gouge the public purse. *The Toronto Globe*, under a characteristic head—"Here stands the Globe" quite recently said "all selfish and Ambitious profiteers, high and low, should be treated as traitors or, better still, should be remade, they and their profit making power with them, into loyal citizens to whom power and opportunity mean service."

For some months this journal has been banging away at "profiteers" and "high cost of living." Its attitude, in line with that of the daily press generally, has been reflected at non-party and party meetings; also at meetings of ladies who have not as yet learned to make fuses or make the daily repairs needed by the overalls of munition workers—but nevertheless they are "splendid" at meetings.

The Futility Of It.

All the fuss, the charges, the investigations and the rantings against "Big Interests," "Profiteering," and the like have accomplished is the creation of a huge bill of expense. The barking has either been up the wrong tree, or there is no coon in the tree. The latter is correct. Canadians, as a whole, in their individual capacity have been doing what they deemed best in the circumstances. Whatever their profits may have been, or may be no hesitation is found in handing them over to the Government on demand. If there is any question at all it is as to the equitableness of the demand. Here arises a partisan question for which I have not the appetite to discuss. Much knocking has taken place—persistent hammering it seems to me against "Big Interests" and "Profiteers" who really do not exist. The terms imply taking traitorous steps to sap national strength for personal advantage. Nationally speaking this is slanderous, and must be so regarded until facts are adduced to establish, outside the satellites feeding on graft which falls from the tables of traitorous politicians, that traitorous profiteering exists. I am not speaking of partisan politicians but have reference only to the average Canadian business man at

whose door the daily newspapers have laid a charge, which if half true should be punished by death.

Persistence in imputing traitorous intent to business enterprise has led a very large number of well meaning citizens to come to the conclusion—without satisfactory specific reasons for so doing—that Canada, nationally speaking, is being strangled by combines and her war efforts rendered less effective through the drain of "profiteers." The bent of the public mind to that view is due to the quality of the "dope" which has been handed out so generously by the newspapers and which has resulted in sowing grave distrust among the people. The average earner regards his earnings as being below what he should have, the wife believes every tradesman is dishonest, and every political party believes the other party to be getting its graft from "Bit Interests."

"Down With Wealth."

The distrust is general and the panacea of the newspapers, and those whose minds are slaves to them, is in war times, conscription of wealth, and in peace times, public ownership and operation. The average Toronto citizen fully expects a full seat in street cars when they are operated by the city and also fully expects that its ventilation will be such as to give entire satisfaction to everyone. By wealth conscription to-day many people are prone to believe that prices would come down, taxes would be lighter and holidays would be longer and more frequent. Of such stuff dreams are made.

Canada's Part In The War.

What business has done for Canada—for her part in the war, and for the Empire is not generally known or understood. When some of the facts are given they are usually to show what the "profiteers" are "making" for themselves, not what is being done for the country. It may be as well to present a few figures that will indicate what the Canadian business man has done. The first need of the Allies was of course food. Take one item, that of bacon. Before the war the value of that exported in a year was about $10,000,000—to-day it is about $50,000,000. Cartridges sent abroad in the fiscal year ending March, 1915, were valued at $221,137 and for the corresponding period ending March last the value was $240,302,444. No gasoline launches were exported in 1915 but two years later, the value was $15,149,000. Explosives in 1915 to the value of $265,578 were sent abroad and last year Canada supplied $40,917,856. Why so wonderful a change—so astonishing a development? Was the co-operation of the manufacturing and business skill of Canadians inspired by traitorous motives? To follow Canadian effort through the eyes of the daily editorials and the caricatures they inspire these achievements have been inspired by "traitorous" motives. To the imperative needs of the Allies—food, cartridges, explosives are among them—Canadian skill and resource has contributed in a larger measure than would have been, in pre-war days, considered possible.

From the Grain Growers' Guide.

A great game for the profiteers but hard on the consumer

From the Regina Morning Leader

Will he be pinched for hogging the bacon?

Under the running fire of criticism—fair and foul—the wheels of Canadian mills have unceasingly attended to their duty. The power that drove them—and is driving them, is not profit, but the satisfaction of performing a national duty. What profits are made stand subject to the call of the state but the state is at present being held secure against its foes by shot and shell to so great an extent provided by the organizing power and resource of Canadian business men. Set against what is being done by them the mistakes that have been made and the latter proportionately will be found to be insignificant.

The Real Handicaps

It would be a national boon if the daily press could be induced to turn its artillery upon the real handicaps to

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The Electric Light Bill

By Walter Hackett

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

AS Carter made his way down the dark hallway of the fourth floor of the Ten Brouck Hotel he heard a slight warning cough behind. Turning, he saw Miss Nellie Mitchell beckoning him mysteriously to come to her. He rapidly retraced his steps and stood beside her.

"Father has sent for you?" she whispered eagerly.

"Yes," he responded.

"I thought—I was sure he would, so I waited to see you."

His answer to this was a quick, eager step forward, which advance she halted with an abrupt gesture.

"No—no," she said quickly. "Not here, you silly boy! Think where you are!"

"But," he began to protest. She did not heed him.

"Listen," she went on with an eager voice. "He needs your help. In fact, he must have it—I do not quite understand why or wherefore, but I suppose you do—so you can drive your own bargain with him. What will your price be?"

"You," he answered with great promptness and, apparently, was for taking it forthwith, for he reached out to take her in his arms. He grasped only vacant space, however, and from the shadows farther down the hall there came a faint laugh, which, though tender enough, had in it also a trace of mockery.

"Nellie," he called softly, but the only answer was the sound of a door softly closing. He stood for a moment gently smiling, but presently his lips grew grim and set, and he turned once more to resume his way. As he reached the door numbered 491, he paused for a moment before knocking upon it. He knew that John Mitchell was a hard man to drive a bargain with, and he felt that he must be possessed of all his resource.

So he paused for a brief space outside the door. Then shaking his head, much as a man does who has risen to the surface of the water after a deep dive, he knocked.

"Come in," was the brief response.

Carter pushed open the door and entered. Mitchell was the only person in the room. He was sitting facing the entrance, before him a table liberally covered with papers, over which his harsh, stern, aggressive face was bent.

"Well?" he said in a hard voice, and then, raising his eyes, he saw Carter. At once his manner changed. "Oh," he said, rising, "it is you, Carter, eh?"

"Yes," responded Carter briefly, "it's me."

"I am obliged to you for responding so quickly," replied Mitchell, gazing at the young man with his grave, measuring eyes. "Sit down, won't you?"

"Thanks," said Carter as he seated himself in a chair. For a moment there was a silence. Then Mitchell spoke again:

"Smoke?" he queried briefly.

"Thanks," returned Carter, selecting a cigar from the proffered box and carefully lighting it. He made no attempt to begin the conversation. The other noticed this and, oddly enough, approved of it, though it did not quite please him.

"I suppose," he said at length, watching the young man keenly, "that you know why I have sent for you?"

"No," answered Carter, "I don't."

The older man looked at him for a moment in incredulity.

"It's about the Electric Light Bill," he said, finally, with just a touch of annoyance in his voice.

"Ah," said Carter, and no more.

"Yes," went on Mitchell, satisfied, apparently, that he must force the conversation. "Its passage is severely threatened."

He paused again, but this time he did not look at Carter. Instead he gazed thoughtfully upon the cigar that he was holding carefully between his thumb and forefinger.

"It is all right in the senate," he continued, still inspecting his cigar, "and the Governor will sign it. He has—that is, I feel sure of that. What bothers us is the lower house."

He stopped abruptly and raised his eyes quickly to Carter's. The latter met the gaze fairly, but did not offer to speak.

"If one man there will change his attitude," Mitchell went on presently, still staring at Carter, "we can win. You know what that means to me?"

Carter bowed his head. He did know; everyone in the state did. It meant millions to Mitchell.

"Despite this," said Mitchell, "we have been unable to secure a man who would leave the opposition and join us. We have," he went on, "tried every means in our command, but all"—he hesitated for a moment after the word "all"—"have failed us, while a canvass shows us that the only man whom we can hope to persuade to join is one named Donovan—Michael Donovan, I believe," he added, glancing at one of the papers on the table before him, "and that the only way to persuade him is through you."

Carter smiled at him but did not speak. The slight emphasis with which Mitchell had, consciously or unconsciously, dwelt upon the word "persuade" appealed to his sense of humor. Mitchell noted the smile and drew from it the promise of success.

"Have we been right," he said, leaning across the table and, in the excitement of the moment, betraying an eagerness he had not hitherto shown, "in assuming that this Donovan will vote as you w—— as you advise him?"

"Yes," replied Carter, after a moment's hesitation, "I think I may say that you are right in assuming that."

"Then," pursued Mitchell, leaning forward still further, "may we hope that you will"—he strongly emphasized "will"—"so advise him?"

"That depends," answered Carter quietly.

Mitchell leaned back with a sigh. The victory was won then. All that remained was a question of bargain—and he knew how to drive bargains.

"Upon what?" he asked, the eagerness which had departed from his voice leaving it cold and hard.

"The price," responded Carter with a frank cynicism that startled his listener.

"I cannot think that you will quarrel over that," returned Mitchell. "I am willing to be fair—even generous, but," he continued, a dull light showing behind his wise old eyes, "I do not propose to be robbed. How much do you want?"

"I do not want money at all," he said, nodding at the other with a cheerful smile. "No," he went on, "I want something more than that."

Mitchell looked at him in silent astonishment.

"Well, what is more than money?"

"Position," returned the other," both social and financial. I am in love with a woman, Mr. Mitchell, as you know," he went on, "who is far above me in such things. Her father has refused his consent to our engagement because I lack those advantages. I wish to be placed where I can ask her to marry me without shame—to be my wife whether her father still withholds his consent or not. You have influence and can place me in such a position. I have ability and can retain it. That," he exclaimed, with an air of finality, "is my price."

Mitchell's face had assumed an angry red as he spoke. The veins stood out on his neck dangerously. For an instant after the other spoke he gulped with rage.

"In other words," he exclaimed finally, in a voice fairly strangled with passion, "you have the nerve to come here and ask me to give you the opportunity of eloping with my daughter?"

"Well," agreed Carter cheerfully, "that is about the size of it."

"It's not nerve, at all," bellowed Mitchell, gazing at the ceiling apprehensively, as though he feared that it might fall in at such a spectacle. "No, sir, it is just gall—pure gall—sublime gall!"

He paused and eyed the young man severely. Then suddenly came one of the strange transitions that had made him a mystery to men. The dull fire behind his eyes died away, and in its place came a sudden ray of humor.

"Yes, sir," he said, and his voice was much milder, "it is gall; but so great that it is bound to command admiration. I'm much to blame, Carter, for not appreciating you sooner. With such a son-in-laws as you there is no telling where I can go."

Carter looked at him in amazement. He had not hoped for so easy a victory.

"Then you consent?" he asked, leaning forward tremulously. He was frightened for the first time during the interview.

"Yes," answered Mitchell shortly, "if Nellie does—and you land Donovan."

"I'll land him, all right," replied Carter, and without another word he rose and left the room.

In the hall he met Nellie.

"Well?" she asked eagerly.

"I am to have you, if I do what he wishes," he answered happily.

And you will do it?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"Dear," she whispered, leaning toward him, "I am glad," and then she kissed him lightly on the forehead and with a whirl of skirts was gone.

"I wish to be placed where I can ask her to marry me without shame—that is my price"

He turned and took the elevator. The boy told him that Michael Donovan's room was number 562, and put him off on the proper floor for it. He found the room with little difficulty and knocked on the door.

"Come in," said a voice, which, while lacking the rich drawl of the Irish, still suggested it in every note.

He pushed open the door and entered. It was a small room, a painfully small one. There was only space in it for a bed, a chair and a wash-basin. Seated on the bed was an old white-haired man. His long boots had been pulled off and his woolen socks rested upon the one chair. On his lap was a newspaper which he was reading beneath the flickering gas jet. It was evidently a laborious task as he pointed to each word with a gnarled, stumpy finger and carefully spelled it out, his mouth and eyebrows all the while performing the most alarming acrobatic feats.

"Well," he exclaimed, uncoiling himself and carefully looking over the top of his spectacles, "it's Jawn."

"Yes, Mike," said Carter, sitting beside him on the bed and laying his hand affectionately on his arm, "it's me right enough."

"It's me that's glad to see you, Jawn," chuckled Donovan.

"And me that's glad to see you," replied Carter easily. They were more than friends as friends go nowadays. Their manner toward each other showed that plainly enough. Their silence showed it, too, for after this greeting neither spoke. Carter handed Donovan a cigar which he gravely accepted and lighted from the light on Carter's own. Then they sat side by side on the bed, quiet save for the noise which Donovan made with his lips as he puffed the cigar—a habit left from his days with the clay pipe. At last Donovan spoke.

"You got my letter, I suppose, Jawn?" he said.

Carter turned and looked at him quietly.

"No," he said, "I have had no letter from you. What did you write me about?"

Donovan coughed rather ostentatiously.

"A bit of trouble I'm in," he said rather humbly.

"Trouble?" Carter returned, looking at him with real concern in his face. "Why, Mike, what is the matter?"

Donovan averted his eyes from the other's questioning gaze and with infinite care rubbed a speck of cigar-ash from his trousers.

"The Electric Light Bill," he said.

Carter's face went white at the answer. It was a moment before he could steady his voice to speak. Then he asked:

"What about that, Mike?"

"It's a steal," answered Donovan gruffly, "and they want me to vote for it."

He paused, apparently in the hope that Carter would speak, but in this he was disappointed. Carter merely stared steadily at the wall in front of him. Donovan felt this, although he still kept his eyes carefully averted. Presently he spoke again.

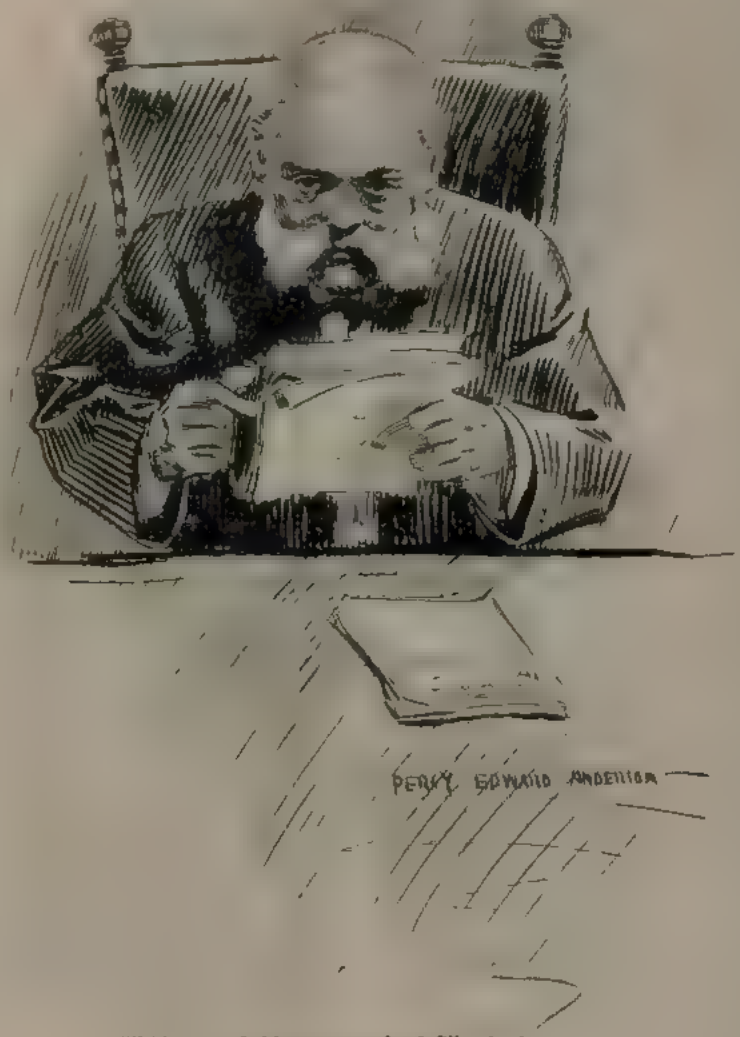
"At first," he said, "they offered me money—a lot of money, Jawn," he continued thoughtfully, stooping and picking up his boot, which he swung listlessly to and fro as he spoke; "more money than I ever expect to have. 'Twas a temptation, but I thought of Eileen at home and what she'd think of me and—I refused."

He ceased speaking for a moment and ran his unoccupied hand through his hair. He had told the incident simply enough, but the man who sat beside him on the bed knew what great heroism his refusal had demanded

"After that," began Donovan again, "a man came to me and said that as they couldn't buy me, they were going to ask you to get me to vote for them—knowing that if you asked, I'd do it. So I sat down and I wrote you a letter askin' you to come here so as I could ask you not to do that. Not but what I'd do it for you, Jawn," he added, with a quick eagerness that was filled with pathos, "but I can't say I'd do it willin' like. So you see," he went on with a native cunning which seemed singularly childlike, "I wrote to you, thinkin' that you might get my letter before they come to you and knowin' from that how the land laid."

He stopped breathless. A man of few words, he had begun to feel himself hopelessly involved. The silence renewed his courage, however.

"But even if you did not get my letter, we've beat them anyhow, Jawn," he said with a chuckle, "for you've come to me first, haven't you?"



"Did you ask him to vote for it?" asked Mitchell, incredulous

Despite his air of supreme confidence there was a vague note of apprehension, almost of appeal that touched Carter. He turned and put his arm on Donovan's shoulder

"No, Mike," he said gently, "I've come to you first.'

"Good, Jawn, good!" said Donovan, chuckling; "it is glad I am that you did." He turned suddenly and held his fine, full blue eyes upon the other. "Not that I mean by that it would be sorry I'd be to do you a favor; no, but I'm glad that you are not thinkin' that this would be one

"You see," he continued confidently, "it's because of Eileen and the lad that I hated to vote for the steal. It's because of what it would mean to them. When I married Eileen back in the old country all her folks were dead against it. They told her that she was marryin' beneath her; marryin' a man that would never get on in the world. She didn't pay any attention to them, Jawn, but married me, anyway. 'I believe you'll do your best,' she told me, 'an' no woman can ask more.'

"But for all that, I knew she wanted me to make my way in the world. But I never did, havin' no education like an' being only fit for a laborer. But she never complained. Not even when she had to work herself—and her not brought up to it. She was always cheerful and brave.

"And when the lad came—ah! then she was happy. 'Michael,' says she, 'we'll make a great, fine man of him. We'll bring him up to fight for the poor people,' she says, 'like his father and his mother was before him.'

"Well, we had a little money saved up them days and we'd always be spendin' the evenin' figgerin' how we could save a little more to help to send him to college an' make a fine man of the boy. Then—then came the accident." He turned and laid his rough hand on the other's smooth one. "But you know all about that, Jawn. You loaned me the money to pay the doctors and to buy food. You saved my life by doing it, and you saved Eileen's, too—she'd never have got on alone. But you don't know what she did. I was on my back for a year and all that we had saved was taken away. Well, she took in washin', and worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four and got along with only one meal while she was doing it. She used to take the price of the others and buy the lad books to study out of. Many's the time I've laid in my bed sick and heard them readin' together—spellin' out the long words and tryin' to figure out what they meant.

"After I was well and workin' again she kept on washin' just the same and saved every cent to send the lad to college.

"When I was hurted she was young and beautiful, Jawn, but the work took both from her. She's an old woman, worn and wrinkled now, and still workin'. But she's happy. She told me so herself when I came away.

"'I hoped great things for you, Michael, in your young days,' says she, 'but you never fulfilled them. Ah, 'twas not your fault,' says she, 'but we are both goin' to have them, after all,' says she, 'in our boy. An' we'll both be the happier for havin' it come so.'"

Carter rose suddenly and went to the window. Out in the darkness the lights were twinkling but he did not see them. He was thinking of the ambitions of his boyhood, of his mother's ambitions for him. And they had ended, how? Here he was in the capital of a great State to help in the passage of a bill that would rob the people of millions. Donovan's voice drawled on, but he scarcely heard him.

"If I voted for the bill, Jawn," he was saying, "—and I'd do it if you asked

Continued on page 289.

After the indoor work is completed Emmeline takes me to her mother's grave in the field across the trail

Lord o' Land

A New Series of Sketches on Western Life and Types - By Janey Canuck

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

III.—HOOK AND CROOK

By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep
I would be merry as the day is long.—SHAKESPEARE

AFTER the cries of the wolves, the [illegible] are sane and restful. On a morning such as this, with the sun rising up the high ceiled world, even the crows might sing. One seems made over here, even I, Janey Canuck, who was born in that blustery period known as the Ides of March. Maybe it is true after all, that there are bodies terrestrial as well as bodies celestial.

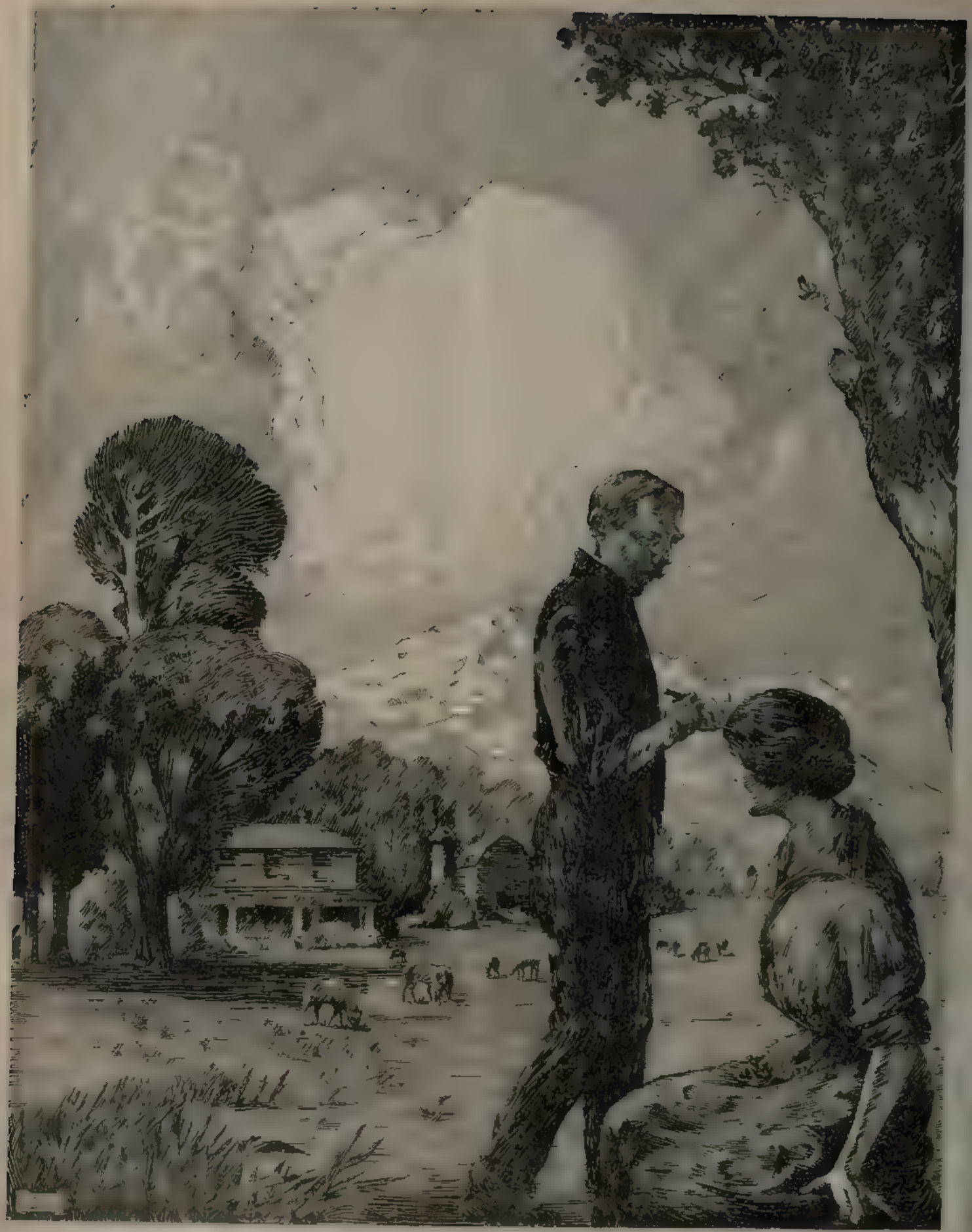
Emmeline takes me to gather what she calls "a clutch of eggs," in the gathering of which I make some acquaintances, explore several lurking places, and learn again that skirts are irksome things which limit the possibilities of life. We are accompanied by Sum Dog, a collie puppy, the clown of the barnyard, who perleys and pranks about the ring in the popularly approved style. Now, he is flushing a gang of little chickens, a fury of squawking hens, a straddling calf, or again, he chases the big grey gander whom anyone can see has an overweening opinion of himself. When Emmeline is not looking, with malice aforethought, I set Sum Dog on a rooster who is making audacious, "cocksure" assertions from the top of the dung pile. Like as not, he is telling tales to his fellow ganders concerning his harem. For my part, I believe the rooster is a hearty liar, a "nothing set a-strut," and I shall never speak well of him. I know too much to his discredit.

Some few of the married birds are nesting in *cabinets particuliers*, but most of them have hatched out their broods which seem to have no ideas except to scratch. As Emmeline casts them a handful of frozen wheat, the mother-bird prepares it for her broodlings by biting each grain in two, as though she were a patent food-chopper. All the while, she is talking to them with a subdued but, nevertheless, immense volubility.

The ermines, whose normal state seems to be one of criminal trespass and who possess an uncloying appetite for chicken, have killed many of Emmeline's chickens and some of her young turkeys. The remaining turkey-chicks are growing big though, and better able to protect themselves. You can see this for yourself as you observe them step around the yard like dainty [illegible] demoiselles who have pretty [illegible]s at an afternoon tea. Emmeline does not kill the hens, or the hen turkeys, but only the cocks and gobblers. This poultry yard would, therefore, seem to be one of the few places where the female of the species is being accurately and properly appraised.

This farmer-girl tells me that brown eggs taste better than white ones, although she owns it would be hard to tell the difference if her eyes were shut. She packs the eggs away in water-glass and sells them in the city at Christmas time when the prices are highest. There is no doubt that presently Emmeline will be living in the city in a large stone house with two lots and a garage at the [illegible] and will be paying seventy-five [illegible] a dozen for eggs herself.

The two young sons of the household are milking cows which answer to the well-selected names of Crumple, Spotty, Whitefoot, and Brindle. These animals are not at all concerned with the doings of the other denizens of the yard, but then there has always been something extremely incurious about a cow. Whitefoot's calf will not feed for me. I put my fingers into its mouth and, with the other hand, [illegible] strip the milk, but she only splutters it out as a child does castor oil. Although he has a thick palm, very dirty fingers, and a less polite method, the most excellent idiot takes a tolerable meal from Freddy.



The philosophy of the facetious shepherd is worthy the man-around-town, and I am wondering if he is not a mute, inglorious Chesterfield

After the indoor work is completed, Emmeline takes me to see her mother's grave which is over the hill across the trail. This is the new cemetery and the only grave. I wonder if she hears the sheep cropping in the dew. They say dead shepherds do.

Emmeline's mother died of "stone," but she went mad first. It is no wonder she went mad. She had a right to. Old Humphrey Prideaux used his drop of ink to advantage when he described this especial illness as "the calamitous distemper of the stone."

And Emmeline tells me things about her mother which show her to have been wise and high-hearted and, without doubt, a woman of imagination. It is a pity the earth is so indifferent to the flesh it holds.

It was this mother's habit of evenings to sing songs to the children about the [illegible] on the farm but Emmeline cannot remember all the words. These were about a little lamb that got a thorn in his foot and went this way—and this way—a sadly crippled lamb, indeed;, and of baby-buntings in the wood that scurry so-and-so.

There was a lullaby, too, that Emmeline sings to me as though she rocked in a chair: "Tam-a-rack! Tam-a-rack! to keep the bats warm. Here it [illegible] See it fly. Sparks are golden. Sparks are fairy. Bring them all to baby.

"Mother will find a little bird, and bring it home to baby. A little bird has lost its nest, a little bird that cannot fly. Oh! bring it home to baby."

And there were words in this song about yellow flowers strung a-row, of a colt with a dappled skin, and of a pillow made of breast feathers.

[illegible] about the Sandman who puts dust in children's eyes is wholly wrong. Dust is bad for children's eyes and makes them cry. The Sandman is [illegible] the cottonwoods and with these she takes the hurt out of a boy's feet, and loosens the strings in his legs, and makes his eyes heavy.

Emmeline is afraid her father intends to get married again. She and the boys have cried about it. The prospective step-mother is a widow and has two girls, also she has the farm which "marches" theirs. Her father goes to see this woman nearly every Sunday and does not come home until late. I would not have thought it of Thacker, for he is getting on in years, but maybe it is quite true what the Italians say that there is kissing yet in a kissed mouth.

Before we left the mother's grave we wrote some lines on paper and pinned them to the wooden "headstone." These were the epitaph of *Ximinses* on the tomb of *Ines* —

"Warm Southern sun,
Shine kindly here;
Warm Southern wind
Blow gently here.

Green sod above
Lie light, lie light,
Good-night, dear heart,
Good-night, good-night."

The boys are planting onions in Emmeline's garden-ground and we stay to help them. Next to the potatoes this is the largest crop in the garden. And why not? Onions are of more value than apples, indeed, in this province, the only apples. They are the farmer's sole narcotic, as well as the savor for his soup, stuffed meat, and salad. In spite of the fact that most folk say the onion is a vulgar vegetable, I will contend till my tongue wears out that it is the very aristocrat of its kingdom. Its derivation,—*unio*, a pearl—proves this without a doubt.

The loosened loam of the garden is furry soft and pleasantly yielding to the hands. As Emmeline moulds it over the onion "sets," one is struck with the nervous strength of her hands. Even as brilliants flash livelier from crape, so white fingers are whiter in ebon soil. Darwin, the idol-smasher, says the human hand is only the fin of a fish which has developed, but nevertheless, I like to believe what John said in Patmos that if any man worship the beast and his image, he shall receive a mark in his hand. Evenso, the adoration of the Spirit and the Bride must leave its sign on the palm of the worshipper, a lovely lineation or kind of sacred stigmata

After dinner, Ben Thacker takes me to see his sheep. We are accompanied by Nimble, and Wattie, two collies. Wattie is a "holding" dog, whereas Nimble is a "driver." Both are "lookers"—that is to say they tend the sheep. Thacker says sheep must not be hurried and that the best attendants they can have are a lame shepherd and a lazy dog.

His dogs are never coaxed to the willow bluffs by the wolves as I had feared. At anyrate, the sheep are folded early to keep them safe from all sharp-toothed, night-roving marauders. Sum-Dog, Wattie and Nimble only answer the wolves of nights in a sort of antiphonal psalm, and to show that they don't howl.

Thacker was born in the Sussex Down-Country where his father was a flock-master. Indeed, he comes from a long line of shepherds and helped in the lamb-yard from seven years of age. He still carries with him many of the sayings and habits of the English craft, so that even those stupid people who find life dull would be interested to walk and talk with him across his wide-stretched meadows. "The homely slighted shepherd's trade" would seem to be more slighted than most of us have thought, while worthy of our best attention.

The ewe flock, with their lambs have the fields to themselves, a small area being hurdled off for the rams. Ben has a jargon for counting his sheep which he counts two at a time. As nearly as a townswoman can set them down, the numerals read like this—"Onetherum, twotherum, cockerum, qutherum, setherum, shatherum, wineberry, wigtail, tarrydiddle, den."

Thacker "rigwelted" a sheep, that is to say he cast it on its back, that I might see it had to lie there till he turned it over

Lambing season is about the middle of April. This is the busy time on the farm for the lambs are up and about in less than an hour, and looking for food. Often they have to be assisted to nurse for the first time. At weaning time, when taken from the dams, they are placed in a fresh pasture and fed a small quantity of barley and oats that have been crushed and mixed. Thacker says the smaller the sheep the sweeter the mutton, and also that there is no difference between the mutton of a white-fleeced sheep and a black one. The philosophy of the facetious shepherd is worthy the man-around-town, and I am wondering if he is not a mute, inglorious Chesterfield, some Goethe guiltless of a hundred loves.

The newly-erected sheep fold is a long half-open shed with a drop siding at the front and a ventilating shaft at the back. Here the huddling flock come home of nights, and of wintry weather, for the sheep is one of those irremediably weak animals who forever turns tail to the storm. Speaking of storms, Thacker says there is going to be one to-night because there is a come-and-go odor in the fields; the spiders are strengthening their webs, and the weathercock on the sheep-fold swings from west to south. There are other signs in the sky, and in the slantwise slip of the shadows, which he reads like a book, indeed, far better than a book. It would seem though that all shepherds are expert in weatherlore, else why do we speak of "a lamb's-wool sky," meaning one that presages rain? It is from their cunning wisdom, too, that we get the following lines in their own vernacular:—

"The rainbow in the marnin
Gives the shepherd warnin
To car er's gurt cwoat on er's back;
The rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight
For that then no gurt cwoat will er lack."

The Soloist of Centre Pond

By Irving Bacheller

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

HIS name was Star—Pelopides Star—and he was overloaded with memories and had a list to starboard, as one might say. We called him Uncle Peel. You could always hear him coming. Chunks of conversation began to fall around you, and when he had arrived he took possession of a square mile of silence and spread his voice all over it. He was a perpetual talker. Often in the lonely trails he was both orator and audience, and judged by its effect, his talk was then most convincing.

His voice flowed like a spring brook down a mountain side, laughing over pebbles, roaring over falls, turning this way and that. It had been dammed variously but never adequately—never so as to produce more than a moment's pause in the genial flood of his conversation.

That voice had certain notes of the wild wood in it, notably those of the crow, the owl and the bittern. It had, too, a penetration and impartiality which reminded one of an old time musket.

Edison once told me that while experimenting with the phonograph he discovered that the same phrases of music, repeated day after day, seemed to weary certain bars in his ear and produce nausea. That helps one to understand the singular effect of the unending solo of Pelopides.

We had gone over to his camp for a few days of shooting. His talk wearied us and wearied him, but he didn't mind. Everything about him had a worn and weary aspect. His dog had run away, his wife was half gone, his clothes were trying to desert their post, his potatoes were hiding in the weeds, his cabin wore a God - have - mercy look, and conversation had done it all and done it thoroughly. Yet he never said anything — t h i s kindly old woodsman —never had time— because he had so much to say.

His walk was like his conversation. He flowed along swiftly, reeling from one foot to the other—all loose from head to heel—and wearied any who tried to follow him. His dialect was unique, unclassified, inhuman I had almost said. It had come of much aimless communion with his own singular, simple self in lonely situations—a rough corduroy running into swamps of recollection and curiously bound together with whiches and side remarks.

When we arrived he was smoking a potato which he had hollowed out with his knife, having punched the "peth" from a piece of witch hopple for a stem. He began his long solo at once:

"O, I tell ye, they's some ways where the ol' man beats the world! One day I started to go to my traps with ol' Susy which, ye know, I had two houn's Susy an' Tige. Susy, ye know, why she'd lock jaws with a lion, if I give her the word—ay uh! I see they was a bear in the trap an' I says to Susy' sick im,' says I, an' Susy—say she was a dandy which they ain't no mistake! Got her from Ad'rondack Murray—why—ay uh! didn't you know 'at I knew him? Why, one day me an' him was a-fishin' on Surnac which was a Friday—no 'twant—' twasa Thursday—ay uh! 'twas a Thursday—[illegible] 'long come Bill Dobson an' his wife in a canoe—kind o' foolin' with one 'nother, an' all 't once they upsot an' in they went. I see she was goin' t' drownd so in I jumped. I'd knowed her ever since she was that high—ay uh! Why, one day I carried her on my back more'n twenty mile with a pack heavier'n she was, ay uh! We was a stout fam'ly. Why, my mother'd think nahthin o' doin' her mornin's work, which she'd ten cows to' milk, an' hippin' a baby off five mile for a visit an' be back in time t' git supper ready. She was married when she was fifteen—my mother was—an' had fourteen children, an' my wife had 'leven an' when Susy, the second child was born, ye know—named her after my houn'—I was over to Surnac, which the child was born, Tuesday night—the same as Monday—an' I got t' worryin' an' put her through the woods forty-five mile an' say comin' up the Mud River that night I hearn a panther kind o' purrin' in the brush—ay uh they will—an' say, did you know a panther can't run more'n half a dozen jumps? Why, their lungs—y e k n o w—they ain't bigger'n yer two fists, their lungs ain't. They got no pump fer wind but say, can't they grab a deer? Why, one night I was a-floatin' an' I knocked a hole in a deer an' when I was a-draggin' of him out I hearn a noise kind o' like that (here he imitated the purring of a panther).

"He spraint his neck tryin' to make that man hear him"

Naw I wan't scairt—not reely. I slit the deer open an' was a-dressin' of him off an' say—did you know a deer ain't got no gall or their livers? Why that's the reason they can eat pizen. Once when Senator Brown was over to my camp—say, did I ever tell you 'bout the time I went down to see the Senator? Ay uh! I did. Got up at daylight, went out t' Short Hill fer a load o' provisions an' fetched up at Beaver Crick in time fer the noon train. An' say!—they was a man lay drunk on the railroad, kind o' quotterin' right by the switch, ye know, an' the train a-comin' like a buck deer when ye've ripped his pants a leetle, an' I got onto the track ahead o' that 'ere train 'an worked my j'ints supple, I can tell ye' an' ketched holt o' the man right by the switch, an' say—did I ever tell you that I'd invented a switch fer the railroad an' they say it'll beat the world? Why, ye see it works this way—same as this is the track——"

This wild stampede of old memories continued until my friend got a case of the hiccoughs and I felt as if I had been shot in the abdomen. The monotonous, penetrating voice, the kaleidoscopic shifts and suspenses had begun to wear upon me. We picked up our rifles and retreated.

Next morning we were awakened before daylight by the beginning of the day's solo. Soon he blew a tin horn.

"He wants to get at us," said my friend. "It's conversation time. The sun isn't up but Star's voice has risen."

We dozed a few minutes, and again the horn sounded. Star was saying, soon, that if "them dod dinged sports didn't git up they wouldn't git no breakfast."

We got up and faced the music and "the jerk" and "the griddlers" and the deadly coffee. The food had an effect like that of a sinker on a line. It produced inertia and reflection. We were as helpless as live bait. The hurricane of conversation fell upon us. We were dragged from one climax to another and each story ran into the next with a loud bang, and both were shattered. His way was strewn with wrecks, and we broke away as soon as possible and went off in the woods and lay down to rest.

"Let's send for Grimshaw," my friend proposed. 'He'll break the old man down."

Now Grimshaw was almost as deaf as a rock and fond of "social converse," to quote his own phrase. As an absorber and receiver of conversation he was unrivaled—absolutely unrivaled. His curiosity was greater even than the difficulty he found in satisfying it. He wished to hear everything that was said and took offense if he didn't. He was a vacuum cleaner, a mammoth cave, an extinct crater. He was often saying: 'Would you mind speaking a little louder please—a little bit louder?" Everyone down at the hotel had strained his throat shouting at Grimshaw.

"He awful deef," uncle Peel whispered

We sent our guide for Grimshaw with a note of invitation which promised a rare treat. He came and saw and conquered. With great joy we led them face to face. As we expected, each embraced the other as a golden opportunity—a long-felt need. Star got his voice in action. Grimshaw halted him at once

"Would you mind speaking a little louder?" he asked.

Star began again with the loud pedal open, but had to raise his voice another notch and Grimshaw held him there. Star had started the tale of Susy and the bear. His voice rang through the valley and we could hear its echo in the distance. At his first turn Grimshaw halted him—politely but firmly. He wanted to know what happened to the bear.

Star went on louder than ever

Star began with the loud pedal open, but had to raise his voice another notch

"There—that's good!" said Grimshaw. "Keep yer voice right there—if you don't mind."

Uncle Peel didn't mind. He opened his throttle and let her go with joyful recklessness. We picked up our rifles and set out for the hunting grounds. That strident voice pursued us for a mile or more.

When we returned at sundown a deep silence brooded over the camp of Star. We could hear pleasant sounds that were new to us in that vicinity—the low songs of the tea kettle and of poor Mrs. Star as she moved about getting supper ready.

"Where is Uncle Peel? I "asked.

"Got a sore throat an' gone to bed," said she. "Can't speak above a whisper."

"And where is Mr. Grimshaw?"

"Gone to bed, too. Said he was sick to his stummick."

We went into the dining tent, full of suppressed emotion.

"They've floored each other," said my friend as we sat down at the table.

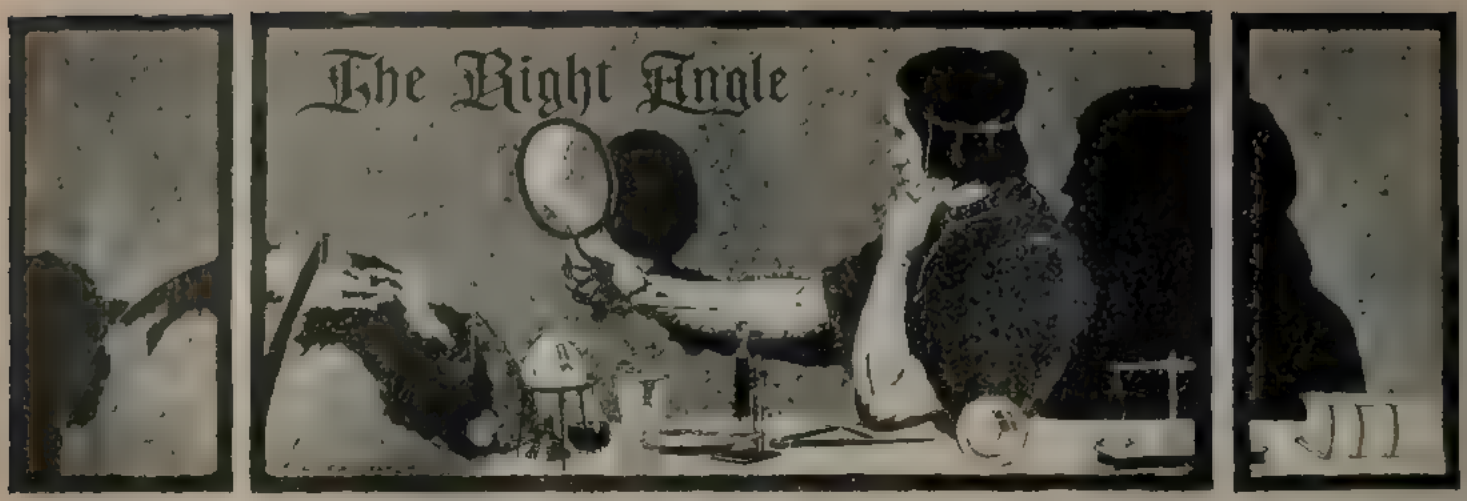
"Peel nigh killed himself talkin'," said the old lady as she poured the tea. "Says he spraint his neck tryin' to make that man hear him."

Uncle Peel came in presently and sat down near us with a whispered greeting. He wore a bandage on his throat He looked wistfully into our faces and shook his head.

"He's *awful* deef," Uncle Peel whispered. "I don't want to talk no more to him—no more. Once I stood on one side o' Long Lake an' tried to talk with a man on t' other side an' spraint my neck doin' it, but he's farther away 'n that—a good deal."

His eyes grew moist. He shook his head mournfully.

(Continued on page 290)



FUTILE SPECULATIONS.

TOO much stress is laid upon divisions among the leaders of German opinion as to peace terms. There is a wing which demands that the war shall end without annexations, and without indemnities; there is the more powerful party, as regards position and influence, if it is small in numbers, which insists that Germany shall make some profit out of the war. This party is nominally led by Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor. The two factions are quarreling between themselves. But suppose the "no annexations, no indemnities" element should triumph? Would peace be any nearer? The Allies are committed to a policy of annexations and indemnities, and until there rises in Germany an irresistible demand for peace at any price, peace at the price of evacuating and indemnifying Belgium and Serbia and France and Roumania, restoring Alsace Lorraine, and otherwise assuming sackcloth and ashes, the war must go on. Till that time differences in the German camp are of little significance.

MUNITIONS VS. FOREIGN TRADE.

ONE of the lesser evils of the war is the unfortunate fact that our Canadian manufacturers seem unable to hold both the munition trade and the normal foreign trade which should fall to their lot. The United States, for example, is building up a thriving trade with Japan. We, on the other hand, are losing even that which we had with that country. It is just as well for our future as exporters that the United States factories are now being called on to devote more attention to the manufacture of munitions. Otherwise they would be able to place themselves in such a strong position in the markets of Japan, China, Australia and New Zealand, as would not only place us under handicap in those markets, but would increase also the facility with which American manufacturers could compete with Canadian manufacturers in the Canadian home market. It is the presence of this great commercial competitor side by side with us, that makes the problem of Canadian industrial development so difficult. People who glibly compare Canada's tariff with England's Free Trade, and who argue that what is good for England is good also for Canada, should bear this fact in mind.

WHAT TROUBLES THE HUNS?

THE channels of trade have been seriously disturbed by the state of war. Previous to the outbreak of hostilities there were three trading powers of the first rank, the United Kingdom, the United States and Germany, with Great Britain easily in the lead. Since war began, because of the presence of the British fleet in the North Sea, the Hun's foreign trade has been practically wiped out, while Britain's trade, in spite of the organization of her industries for war, has been maintained, and that of the United States has been almost doubled. As an indication of what the loss of Germany's trade means to her, it suffices to point out that in the year 1913 her exports were £301,000,000 sterling and her imports £400,000,000. During the same year exports from the United States were £497,003,000 and imports £358,520,000, and exports from the United Kingdom were £634,820,000 and imports £768,734,700.

GROWTH OF OUR BANKS

CANADIAN chartered banks have been rapidly extending their lines over Canada and beyond its borders. Each month of the current year has shown a large number of new branch banks established, whereas comparatively few have been closed. During July, for instance, eighteen branches were opened and only two closed. The total number of Canadian chartered bank branches now operating is 3,423, of which 3,307 are in Canada, 28 in Newfoundland and 88 elsewhere. The locations, included under the heading, "elsewhere" demonstrates the growing sphere of influence of some of the larger Canadian institutions. Nearly all of the 88 mentioned above are located in the West Indies and on the northern portions of the South American continent. The commercial relations between Canada and the West Indies are having the effect of welding into closer union the political sentiments of Canada and the British West Indies as well.

WAR DEBT NINETY BILLIONS

A REAL political force opposing the Militaristic party in Germany would have been unheard of before the war. Yet this summer has witnessed a very substantial resistance to the Kaiser from the radical wing of the Reichstag. Resistance came to a head when the Imperial Chancellor recently asked the Reichstag for a war vote of 20,000,000,000 marks. Exclusive of this requisition, the war party has secured from the people 79,000,000,000 marks, equal to $20,000,000,000. The German people are becoming appalled at the rapidly growing national debt, in view of the hopelessness of the struggle. Moreover, Germany has comparatively little gold backing for this debt, without which paper money is worth little. Germany's position might not be so bad, were her trade not paralyzed. The war debt of the United Kingdom is greater than that of Germany, the total being $26,705,000,000. But neither her gold reserve nor her trade have diminished. Moreover ultimate victory appears a mathematical certainty. The net war debt of the Allies stands at $59,421,000,000, whereas that of the Teutonic Powers amounts to $30,300,000,000. The Allies, however, have behind them the resources of the United

Kingdom, France Russia, Italy, the United States and other smaller states while the financial state of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey is worse than that of Germany. The grand total war debt of all belligerents stands at $90,000,000,000

AMUSEMENTS AND WAR

DURING the past three years the newspapers have devoted most of their columns to the interests of war. This is as it should be, because the press embodies chiefly the serious currents of our life. In the realm of books, also, the atmosphere is permeated with the war. In the realm of drama, however, the war is actually having little place. Last season witnessed comparatively few theatrical productions of a war nature. This year's bookings of the leading New York producers include only two or three war dramas. War dramas do not hold audiences. This is for two reasons chiefly. We are up to the neck in the real thing, and it is as dramatic as it is tragic. The public are not indifferent to the war. It fills their anxious consciousness the live-long day. They want an evening's respite; they wish to forget once a week that relatives are facing death [illegible] when a comedian or plays of a light and cheerful character on the calendar for the coming season in the presence of one who has a brother at the front, "Thank heaven for that"! was the response. Probably this is as it should be. When the Great War is a thing of history [illegible] its dramatic possibilities and its heroics will be more acceptable. They are too depressing in these days, when depression is the normal state of mind. There are plenty of people who consider that theatres should be closed, and that baseball leagues should be disorganized, but if ever diversion was needed, it fills an indispensable place to-day.

THRIFT PLEDGES

CARDS of thrift pledges to thrift now given such wide publicity in war articles in American magazines are not a brilliant Yankee idea, as Americans seem to think. They were originally distributed in England, and their use is to be adopted in Canada. In the United States the cards are taken from door to door by armies of boy scouts. When the mistress of the household has signed the thrift pledge, she is given a card to place in her window. A cardless "front-room" window will mean another boy scout "on the job"—and another—and another—until the housekeeper signs in self-defence! No doubt, some women will take the pledge with as little intent to keep it, as men have taken a pledge of different sort. But there is no doubt that most women will take their promise seriously, and these cards will be an important factor in the thrift campaign.

REMOULDING DEMOCRACY

PRESIDENT WILSON has made a famous statement, to the effect that America is entering the war that the world may be made safe for democracy. Samuel W. McCall, Governor of Massachusetts has revised the President's dictum in the words: "We must make democracy safe for [illegible]" Governor McCall is a wise man. He says, "Democracy is not a shy flower to be sheltered from the winds and storms, but must be conceived of as a strong man making his way in the world in the face of tempests, having in him all the strength of the race, and there is no higher power that can patronize him and make the world safe for him to live in. It is more true to say that Democracy will [illegible] but when it has made itself safe for the world. This safety can be attained by providing democracy with the necessary organs, by giving it eyes to see and sure methods of expression, and by giving it a backbone, enabling it to stand erect and capable at all times and under all emergencies. In the past democracy has been regarded as a mere ideal to be declaimed about and not as something to be moulded into a responsive and effective instrument of practical government. Democracy as America has known it [illegible] ing fault. It remains to be seen if democracy will be safe for the world, when the world is made safe for democracy.

MINISTERS AND MODESTY

SOME day, the Canadian entering an Ottawa cabinet will do so modestly. Someday he will pause to be impressed with the magnitude of even one department of the administration instead of thinking so much of his own profound ability in getting himself the job. This is what he does now. He pats himself on the shoulder. He reminds himself that, after all, he IS some punkins. He takes over the office of minister of Public Works, or Railways and Canals, or labor, or Finance with the manner of a receiver-in-bankruptcy taking charge of a run-down grocery business. And if it stopped with his mannerisms he might be forgiven but the new Minister proceeds now to administer. He takes active charge. He intends to show the nation that a live man is at the helm of this particular department at least.

This, more perhaps than anything else, is the cause of Ottawa inefficiency. The able deputy ministers and their chief assistants, in whom is vested the continuity of construction and administration, are interrupted, interfered with and irritated. Plans are changed and department machinery misused or misplaced. A good permanent official soon loses his keen personal interest in his work and, being conscientious, resigns, or—having a wife and several sister-in-laws to support—hangs on, but with no heart for work. In England a new minister approaches his department as a rule modestly, is content to study it for six months and then to direct it in little except matters of policy. There is some chance there for the permanent official to work constructively and with a conscience. The morale of his staff is not undermined by incompetence higher up. Occasionally the Canadian cabinet minister displays this desirable modesty. In a few instances he has a rare deputy who somehow survives trouble But the onus should not be on the deputy. It is for the average minister to change his methods.

CAPE BRETON'S TEN TALENTS

CAPE BRETON SOUTH makes more wealth out of less raw material than any other section of Canada. You may not believe this but if you have the patience and industry to look through volume 4 of the last census report you will see proof of this miracle. In this forbidding book is a column showing the value of the manufactured products of each district. In another column is shown the value of the raw material which made those products possible. Compare these two columns and you will find that the raw material constitutes about half the value of the product in almost every census district. For instance Sherbrooke, Quebec, uses $2,366,354 of raw material to turn out $4,026,275 of finished product in a year. Calgary uses $4,853,382 to make $8,550,068. Vancouver uses $8,799,084 to make $17,284,422. Toronto and Montreal run a shade higher, it is true but on the whole the average Canadian community requires a dollar's worth of raw material to make $2 worth of finished goods. But Cape Breton, South, makes over $5 for every $1 worth of raw material. It produces $9,622,545 out of $1,820,494 raw materials. Why? That is a question readers should work out for themselves. It may not be so greatly to the credit of the little community as, on the surface it appears but it deserves looking into. It contains 62 manufacturing establishments including of course iron and steel. And yet Algoma and Hamilton, which include the same kind of industry show no such high rate of productivity. Here is room for economic demonstration. Why is South Cape Breton making more out of less than your communities?

Politics and Politicians

SOME OF THE HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH ON PARLIAMENT HILL AND SOME COMMENTS ON THE WINNIPEG CONVENTION

By Tom King

BY the time this is printed Parliament may be prorogued, with dissolution soon to follow. Parliament expires by the efflux of time on the 7th of October. The Government, however, will continue in office until a new Parliament can be chosen and there is little reason to believe that we can have an election before Christmas; some people say it may be even longer deferred. The printing of the voters' lists is in itself no small undertaking and a great deal of time will be required to poll the soldier vote.

The Soldier Vote

UNLESS the Military Voters' bill now before the House is changed in the Senate, we will not only have our soldiers voted but their votes counted overseas. This is a radical departure from the principle of the Soldiers' Voting Act of 1915 and may open the door to endless disputes and insinuations. The vote will be polled at every "camp," which is interpreted to mean every place at which a group of soldiers can be found, but the ballots will have to be allocated to the various parliamentary ridings and electoral districts to which the voters belong. For example, in a certain hospital in Scotland, France or the Isle of Wight, 391 Canadian soldiers and nurses might vote. These soldiers and nurses might come from every province in the Dominion and represent among them a great many electoral districts.

A Decisive Factor

IN a general election, how a man votes is important but where he votes is even more important. Fifty votes in Carleton, N B., in 1911 would have cut a big figure; in West Toronto they would have been of no importance. In a certain number of constituencies one party or the other will have a large enough majority of the home vote to make the soldier vote unimportant. On the other hand, in closely contested districts the soldier vote will be absolutely decisive. Hence there will be a natural desire on the part of the voter to have his ballot counted in that district where it will have the most effect.

The New Bill

THIS natural desire will be helped out by the bill now before Parliament unless the same is radically amended. Section three, after providing that any voter who previously resided in Canada shall vote in the district where he so resided, goes on to say "if he cannot, because of non-residence so state or specify, he shall be deemed an elector of, and his vote shall be applied to, such electoral district as he may indicate." But even were this wide open door to selective voting tightly closed, many honest mistakes might easily occur in the practical administration of the act. In the case of a married man there would be no question as to his place of residence. In the case of a young man or woman, not living at home when the war began, however, a doubt might arise as to his or her domicile. In some cases the soldier or nurse may be honestly in error as to the particular riding in which he or she is entitled to vote.

Take a soldier or nurse coming from the city of Ottawa. Where would he or she vote? Naturally, you would say, for the city of Ottawa. But while a considerable portion of the city of Ottawa is in the electoral district of Ottawa a large section is in the parliamentary riding of Carleton, and another large section in the parliamentary riding of Russell. Now, Carleton being overwhelmingly Tory, and Russell being as overwhelmingly Grit, it would probably be of no consequence, so far as the result of the election went, what the soldiers' vote was for either district. But the riding of Ottawa with two members will be closely contested, and the soldiers' vote will be decisive.

A Long Campaign

AS the bill now stands, and as it is likely to pass, nomination day will precede polling day by at least four weeks. This would seem to indicate a long campaign, as a great deal of preliminary work has to be done before official nominations. If Parliament prorogued in September and dissolution followed almost immediately we could scarcely expect an election before December. And there is also the factor of Cabinet reorganization; concerning which an announcement is expected most daily.

Every government reorganizes its Cabinet more or less before going to the country, but it is anticipated that Premier Borden's reorganization will be unique from the fact that the new Cabinet will include a number of Liberals and several prominent men not heretofore associated with politics. No doubt he will strengthen his Cabinet, and, to some extent, meet the great demand in the country for more united action and less partisanship. I doubt, however, if anything can prevent an old-time party contest. There will be appeals to passion and prejudice, but, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier observed, that is nothing new in Canadian politics. The 1891 election, for example, was not a pink tea or [illegible] were thrown in that campaign that were any softer than brickbats. In 1896 there were brickbats thrown, but the favorite missile was a pole cat!

A Captain's Battle

MY own impression is that the coming campaign will be less bitter than many anticipate. The country is growing bigger, and it is sobered by the shadow of the Great War. There will be sporadic outbursts of violence and hate in this or that district, but in many parts of the country the people are apt to vote for the man rather than for the party, and perhaps select a man of their own regardless of party nominations. It is going to be a captain's battle, and, as some member said the other day, "every man will have to run his own election in his own way."

The Winnipeg Convention

THE outstanding political event of the past month has been the Western Liberal Convention at Winnipeg. It was certainly the largest gathering of the kind since the Ottawa Convention of 1893, for we have not run to conventions in Canada. A national convention charged with the duty of selecting a party leader and adopting a party platform is practically unknown. Now and then we have a party convention

to nominate a candidate for parliament, but in the majority of cases the candidate is selected by the executive or almost by common consent. The big state and national conventions which are such a spectacular feature in American politics are to us almost unknown Therefore, a party convention of nearly a thousand delegates representing all the provinces west of Lake Superior was bound to be a big affair, especially in view of the circumstances under which that convention assembled.

In the East it has been taken for granted that the convention was called by the four provincial premiers for the purpose of forming an independent political party in the West. All the premiers had been down to Ottawa, and gossip coupled their names with the formation of a union government They were all supposed to be in accord with the proposition that the Western Liberals would have to have their own organization, and would no longer follow the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier

If the convention was not called for the purpose of repudiating the Laurier leadership and sanctioning a coalition government at Ottawa it is hard to understand why it was called at all That the convention did just the opposite of what the East expected it would do is a fact, I think, beyond dispute. Whether the convention did wisely or unwisely; whether it did what the premiers wanted or the reverse for the purpose of this review need not be decided; I am only interested in recording what I personally observed.

The Delegates

IT was, in the first place, a fairly representative assemblage. No doubt a great many politicians were to be found among the delegates, but politicians have a habit of turning up at political conventions. The story, however, that none of the delegates could speak English; that they were all garbed in sheep-skin clothing; that there was only a handful of them and that they were deluded into passing resolutions whose import they did not understand,—all these claims so vigorously made in many quarters entirely lack foundation. Machine methods may have been employed; the steam-roller may have passed over the delegates, but so far as I could observe the convention greatly resembled the annual convention of grain growers held every winter, in the West. A large number of the delegates were substantial farmers, and there were actually present 881 people, including some 50 women. They discussed and adopted a great number of resolutions, and it is idle to say that the resolution commending Sir Wilfrid Laurier did not meet with the approval of a large majority of the convention.

Premier Norris's Position

PREMIER NORRIS, of Manitoba, was in a difficult position. Manitoba delegates were in the main anti-Laurier, and Premier Norris himself has for two years been urging the formation of a national government. Upon him especially rested the responsibility of preventing an open break or split in the convention. A great majority of the delegates came from Saskatchewan

Premier Norris, of Manitoba

and Alberta, and they were strong enough, numerically, to pass almost any resolution. British Columbia sent only about fifty delegates and they sided with Alberta rather than with Manitoba. Premier Norris, however, succeeded in keeping his own delegates together and he was always on hand as a sunshine influence in the councils of the convention. He is not an orator, but he gets on with the crowd. His voice carries well, and he never wearies his audience. He may not have been pleased with the result of the convention (probably few Liberals in Manitoba were,—but he took his medicine without gagging. Since then, however popular pressure has compelled him practically to repudiate the main plank of the Winnipeg platform

The Conscription Issue

THE most important plank adopted by the Winnipeg Convention carefully avoided the word "conscription," and I think a majority of the convention were opposed to conscription, or at least to the immediate enforcement of the Military Service Act of 1917. Many of the delegates said that the foreign-born voters in their districts were almost unanimously against conscription, and that the English speaking vote was divided. Upon this statement I make no comment, but I am inclined to agree with Mr. George E. McCraney, M.P. for Saskatoon, a conscription Liberal, who said that while conscription as an issue had not strengthened the government in the West he did not think it was at all the dominant issue in the Winnipeg convention

In Manitoba the pro-conscription feeling is strong, and many anti-Laurier Liberals may contest constituencies It is quite likely that the Western Liberal members in the next house will not agree among themselves as to the leadership. In passing, however, it must be remembered that the Western Liberals of all shades of opinion on other [illegible] seem to be united on the tariff question. The tariff issue is still a live issue in that part of the country, and will continue to be so even after the war is over. On this issue the Conservatives are divided, and it would be difficult for them to hold a Western Convention on that account

Conscription Bill Passed

THE Conscription bill passed its final stage, so far as the two Houses of Parliament are concerned, with little discussion and no dissent. The amendments made by the Senate were not thought to be important and the House concurred in them as a matter of course The formal motion for concurrence was unexpectedly made in the Commons by Sir Robert Borden on a Saturday afternoon.

Interest now centers in the enforcement of the law. That it is to be vigorously enforced we have been repeatedly told by the Government, difficult as its enforcement may prove in the midst of an electoral campaign. From a merely party standpoint by the way, this course will have its advantages because firmness and decision are qualities the people like their rulers to possess. It should be possible to have all the conscripts in uniform before the election. Whether there is to be any further conscription will then be entirely up to the next parliament

The Railway Situation

THE government seems to have scored in Ontario and probably in the West by its boldness in dealing with the railway situation. It might have gone further but after all has gone a long way in acquiring 10,000 miles of railway with its subsidiary telegraph

and express service. Moreover it acquires [illegible] which may be of value in dealing with the returned soldier, and [illegible] settlement on the land.

Up to date the Opposition has not been able to [illegible] a counter policy. The government's bill is criticised but the criticisms are mainly of detail. Hon. Frank Oliver has been almost alone in advocating that further financial assistance be extended the company by way of annual grants until it is able to [illegible] its own storm. He has presented his views with characteristic force and vigor, but those views have not been adopted by his party associates.

The Graham amendment, to confiscate the common stock of the company, met with little favor although the vote on division followed party lines. A more vigorous fight is being waged on the proposition that the House should have more information as to the liabilities to be assumed by the country and as to the identity of those persons likely to benefit from the deal by their holdings of Canadian Northern securities not guaranteed by the Government.

The Wind and The Days

By W. D. Nesbit

THE south wind blew my calendar
Until the leaves turned fast and far,
And when it had gone on its way
It left a mid-September day.
And left me thoughts of stubble fields,
Of corn that rustled spears on shields,
Of orchards where long shadows dreamed
And red and golden apples gleamed,
Of swaying heavy clover blooms
That scattered largess of perfumes,
Of grapes that purpled in the sun,
Of cool dusk when the day was done,
Of mullein torches on the hill,
Of woodbine reddening by the rill,
Of the deep hush that comes at night
When all things glow with silver light,
Of forests drowsing in the haze
That comes in late autumnal days,
Of nodding flag and calamus
And thistledown that, tremulous,
Fled at a breath as though afraid
Of every breeze that dwilly played—
The south wind blew my calendar
And down the days I journeyed far.

Would it might blow the other way
And turn the leaves, till day by day
I found the paths that used to be,
The days that hold the heart of me!
Would that it might toss back the leaves
That bind my years in ripened sheaves
Until I found the blossomed ways
Where memory forever strays,
Until I was a boy again
And owned the joys I squandered then.
The south wind blew my calendar
So that the leaves turned fast and far.

Teaing It Out of Dingley

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by Marion Long

PYKEVILLE was the slowest Fair Town they had ever struck, and most of the Show people were glad to get out with their skins on. They drove to Dingley, fat of expletive and lean of purse, with that mixture of sanguinity and soreness which is the characteristic of a Carnival crowd, the world over.

Dingley was the county town and the centre of a successful cattle-raising and agricultural district. Topographically, it offered great advantages to the Fair aggregation. There's a difference in towns, no matter whether you look at 'em from a commercial a theatrical or a Carnival viewpoint. . . It is only twenty miles from Pykeville, which accounted for the crowd driving over instead of adding to the earnings of the local railway. They arrived simultaneously with the first consignment of hogs and cattle, and each disposed of himself according to his custom

Bill Forrest jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward Pykeville. "If the suckers here ain't bitin' any better than them back yonder, he remarked, "we might jes' as well take to work—real work. Never did I see sech a bunch of tight-wads

His partner sullenly agreed.

"How much yuh got, Dick?"

Dick named a niggardly sum.

"Humph! Less'n a V between us. Ain't that grand business?"

Again Dick agreed and settled himself in an atmosphere of heavy gloom. It was characteristic of him to sit idle while Bill unpacked their personal effects and stock in trade. It was also characteristic of him to place his stockinged feet on the window sill of the beanery which harboured them and confide his unflattering opinion of man to the air while Bill made a prospective tour through the town and gathered up any information which was afloat. Bill was sanguine and enterprising, when one adventurous scheme was for various reasons, summarily checked, his fertile brain conceived another. Adversity stimulated him; reverses did but test his ingenuity. Bill was a Progressive, if ever there was one, and he was a man who would never say die. Dick was the diametric opposite and then some—was Dick.

BURSTING into their room after about an hour's absence, Bill announced briskly,

"It's razors fer Dingley, Dick. There's been one of them 'high pit n' fellers through here, last week, givin' fountain pens away with bottles of fake hair tonic. Gee! Far 's I can learn, he spilled 'em round here, same as they spills the ink. They're jes' nachelly tricklin' all over the burg."

"Razors?" protested Dick. "Why, Bill you said we was to work with fountain pens, an' I got my spiel all doped out."

Mr. Forrest expressed his sympathy in more or less embroidered terms at the same time denouncing the travelling quacks who are able to cover territory much faster than Show people and anticipate them in the distribution of small wares.

"Them crooks," he cried, "riding round in their dinky little carts an' gettin' off a spiel in front of the Court House, puts the everlastin' juke on our business. By the time we strikes a burg, the folks is plum set agin our stuff—jes' like they is right here. I tell you, Dick, Dingley is sore in all its j'ints agin fountain pens. We gotta work with razors."

"'Taint so bad fer you," Mr. Brennan remarked sourly, "but I ain't got yer graceful gift of leppin' from crag to crag an' precipice to precipice. When I gits my mind on a good spiel, I ain't dead set on givin' it up, like a wad o' chewed tobaccer, an' huntin' up another one. Why, I been cookin' up some dope—'bout fountain pens, mind ye—that'll keep me so busy takin' down subscriptions I'll have my arm in a sling 'fore the Fair's half over. It's worse 'n a sin to change it."

IT might be explained for the benefit of those who do not frequent county fairs, that Mr. Forrest and his partner were "paper" men, or, in the parlance of the Grounds, "sheet workers." In a word, they were the convivial, breezy misrepresentatives of a wholly fictitious paper, to which they obtained subscriptions by the simple, if generous expedient of presenting the unsuspicious public with fountain pens, razors, penknives or like impedimenta. They had got their necessary permit from Jim Logan, the Secretary of the Dingley County Fair while he visited Pykeville, and therefore after a slight adjustment of goods and language, they started out on Monday afternoon at opposite ends of the Grounds to distribute razors. Very good razors, too, purchased by the enterprising Bill for something like $12.50 per gross. They were safety razors as long as you did not try to cut anything with them. In the case of shaving—the hapless victim after tearing his hirsute growth out by the roots, usually handed the weapon over to his wife, and it was hinted that several of these thrifty ladies used them for pulling tacks. But that is by way of digression.

Clothes neatly brushed, hair neatly parted, a v-shaped suggestion of lavender dribbling from his upper pocket, Bill, disguised as a gentleman, accosted a scared young farmer.

"Have *you* had one of our razors?" he asked producing the glittering blade.

"No," said the young man, "no, I haven't."

"Well, I never! Here, take this one—it's my last, but you're welcome to it. We're givin' 'em away, to-day, absolutely free. . Costs you nothin', an' it's good fer a hundred close shaves. Sure, take it. . . You're welcome, entirely welcome. Glad I seen you."

And Bill turned away only [illegible] immediately back upon his victim.

"But say," he added, "I'd like to put your name down on my list of subscribers to THE FARMER'S MONTHLY HELPER. I'm interested in that little paper an' I'd like to interest you. It's one of the handiest books you could have about the house, gives you

fortunes, an' tells yer dreams an' how to write letters, beside all the information anybody could ask about a farm. What? You never heard of it? All the more reason for me to send it to you. What's yer name, stranger? I'll jes' put it on my list."

"How much does it cost?" asked the timid young man.

"Well, the subscription is supposed to be a dollar," said Bill, confidentially, "but I'll let you in on it fer ninety cents. On'y, as a favor to me," he lowered his voice mysteriously, "dont let on as how I done this, if any of the other agents talks to yuh. I'll write a dollar on the blank, an' give you a receipt fer a dollar, but you slip me ninety cents—that's all."

There was a certain firmness in Bill's way of demanding the money which rendered the young man putty in his hands. He allowed himself to be filched of a year's subscription to THE FARMER'S MONTHLY HELPER because he vaguely realized that unless he put his name down, he would be deprived of the glittering blade so recently presented, and not having attained one at home, he recognized this as a chance in a thousand. Then, with a feeble but polite hope that he meet Mr. Forrest again, he moved off with the crowds.

BILL watched him finger the blade with a stubby thumb and smiled. He was fond of the country's unsophisticated youth was Bill. And in making for success he possessed a quality which is also the portion of well-built bridges—he had an almost faultless approach. There were men he would mistake for some devoted friend of his childhood, and finding out his mistake, he would present them with razors from sheer gratitude for the resemblance they bore his one-time pal; he would approach others condescendingly, dangling his proposition before them until from curiosity alone they would have subscribed to a set of Huxley on the instalment plan, if he so willed; again he would simulate timidity, gaining the farmer's confidence—and dollar—through that laudable virtue.

But occasionally, Bill met with a determined rebuff and some old fellow turned down the entire proposition, cold. There was one in particular he always remembered when thinking of Dingley.

"Have *you* had one of our razors?" asked the paper man in his most cordial manner.

"Naw," said the farmer, whose hatchet face was covered with a sparse growth of yellow-gray whiskers.

He usually emerged from the clump of bushes, red of face

"Now how did that man happen to overlook you, I wonder?" Bill was most apologetic. "Here, Mister, take mine, it's the last I've got, but you're welcome to it. We're givin' 'em away, to-day, absolutely free. . . don't cost you a cent, an' they're good fer a hundred close shaves."

But the latter warded off the gift with upraised hands.

"Razors aint no use to me," he said. "Air ye blind that ye can't see that fer yerself?"

"Your son, mebbe," suggested Bill, "er your nephew, er your daughter's beau. Lord, Mister, there's lots of people around who'd be glad to have a fine razor like this here one. An' it's a sin to miss the chanct to git one fer nothin'. I tell yuh these is absolutely free."

"Say, stranger, what's yer game?" Dingley's respected citizens had evidently been to Fairs before now, and although at Meetin' he agreed to live a life of brotherly love, charity to his neighbor and to perform all acts in accordance with the Golden Rule, it seemed possible that Bill's creed might differ from this. "What's yer game?" he repeated. "I dont want no razor, ner no spavin cures, ner lightin' rods, ner hair tonic, ner fountain pens. Got anything new?"

BILL laughed good naturedly; it was not wholly a professional laugh either, for the old gink was funny.

"You're all right," he said, admiringly. "You're the smartest man round this joint, an' I oughta know! You see, Mister, we gits so uster workin with a lot of boneheads, it's a real treat to meet a man with common sense in his nut. An' that's no joke."

He made a grab at the farmer's hand, and wrung it fraternally. It fell from his clasp limp and unresponsive.

"I'll tell you what my game is," he continued, producing his blanks. "I want to git subscriptions to this here paper—" he signified the title on the blank with his pencil, and [illegible] the [illegible] printer his money for the work—an' there's so many stories about workin' a con game, that people dont pay no attention to an honest man unless he's got sumpin to attract their notice. Honest, it's the limit! That's the reason we're givin' away razors. People's got sense enough to know that they've got their money's worth out o' them alone, even if they never was to see the magazine—which they sure will, believe *me*! An' it's a fine an' dandy little paper, full of them columns where a feller writes to a girl in another town, an' sech." He eyed his victim narrowly, and paused for that lure to sink in. "Now under these circumstances, Mister, cant I put your name down fer a years subscription at—say ninety cents?"

But it seemed that under no circumstances could Bill put Mister's name down for ninety, eight or even seventy cents. The strain of prolonged joviality began to tell and the paper man dropped something of his persuasiveness, adopting a firmly parental tone.

"Because you take a few other papers aint no reason, friend, why you don't need this here one. I'll guarantee you won't find it a bit like any of them others, an' it's sumpin, my dear sir, you simply can't afford to do with out."

The farmer grinned.

"Stranger," he drawled, "I'm goin' to tell ye somethin'—somethin' that'll be a leetle secret betwixt us. I wouldn't have my ole woman know it fer worlds—I come to this here Fair plum crazy to be extravagant! To do somethin' I couldn't afford. Yessir! All my life, I been holdin' back, scrimpin' an'

savin' an' doin' without somethin' I wanted real bad lately. I couldn't afford it. Now along comes [illegible] says here's something I can't afford to miss,—well, goldarn me, if I ain't goin' to be real brash an' MISS IT. Good day!"

EARLY in the evening Bill fixed his keen blue eye on a pompous individual; clean-shaven and unctuous, he compressed all the physical attributes of an alderman in his pearl gray clothes. The very sort of a man to be smeared with flattery; under its influence there was no telling to what lengths he might go. He was liable to subscribe for his son-in-law, his brother in Montana, his aged father and himself. Bill settled his collar, parted his lips in a smile and braced right up

"The Mayor, I believe," he said in greeting. "I bet I've seen your picture in fifty-five noospapers. Not that it does yuh jestice, of course, but. . . . An' say, have you had one of our razors? They're absolutely—"

The gentleman gimletted him with an unfriendly glance, taking in every detail from the lavendar silk handkerchief to the blanks which protruded from his pocket on the other side. He labored for breath the while his guaranteed-twenty-year-gold-filled watch chain heaved tumultuously across his middle

"No," he cried angrily, "I don't want one of your absolutely free razors! You're the second sheet worker I've found on the Grounds to-day, and I tell you as I did him, that now is a good time for you to quit! Don't let me find you here to-morrow! Understand?"

The choleric gentleman flung back one side of his coat and displayed the President's badge.

Bill made no retort. There was none to make. If Hiram J. Morton, President of the Dingley Fair Association, said that no sheet workers were allowed, that was all there was to it.

Early the following morning, a very moist and apologetic secretary waited upon Bill and his disgruntled partner.

"Say, you fellers, I gotta cancel your permit," he announced. "The boss has just been down to the office givin' me particular hell for allowing paper men on the Grounds. How'd I know he was bug-house? You know it aint my fault, boys; I ain't got nothing against you working, and I ain't responsible for the crazy notions H. J. has got. You see," he lowered his voice, confidentially, "you see, he's so blamed scared of the Directors that if they were to put the kibosh on peanuts and the merry-go-round—off they'd go! For all I'd care, you boys could run a faro joint, honest! A man's gotta live, says I, and the race is to the smartest. So I don't want you to lay this up against me, for I'd be glad to let you work, if I had the say-so."

Bill watched the disappearance of the nervous young secretary and muttered from the depths of his being,

"Good night, nurse!"

Dick expressed the same sentiments in terms which the ordinary reader unfamiliar with the true inwardness of County Fairs, is not supposed to understand. Hence, they are omitted.

"What's the next burg?" asked Bill

Dick spat the name at him.

"Gosh! That'll eat up our roll at a nip, payin' fer a ticket, alone. Aint it the limit the way railroads make money outen us pore fools

"An' we gotta eat till we gits there," reminded Mr. Brennan.

It was a fact which brooked no denial.

"I gotta hump myself an' gitta job," said Bill rising.

"It's always the same," complained Dick. "You said we was goin' to work the sheet, an' that's enough job fer me. I done switched from fountain pens to razors to please you, and I gotta good spiel all doped—"

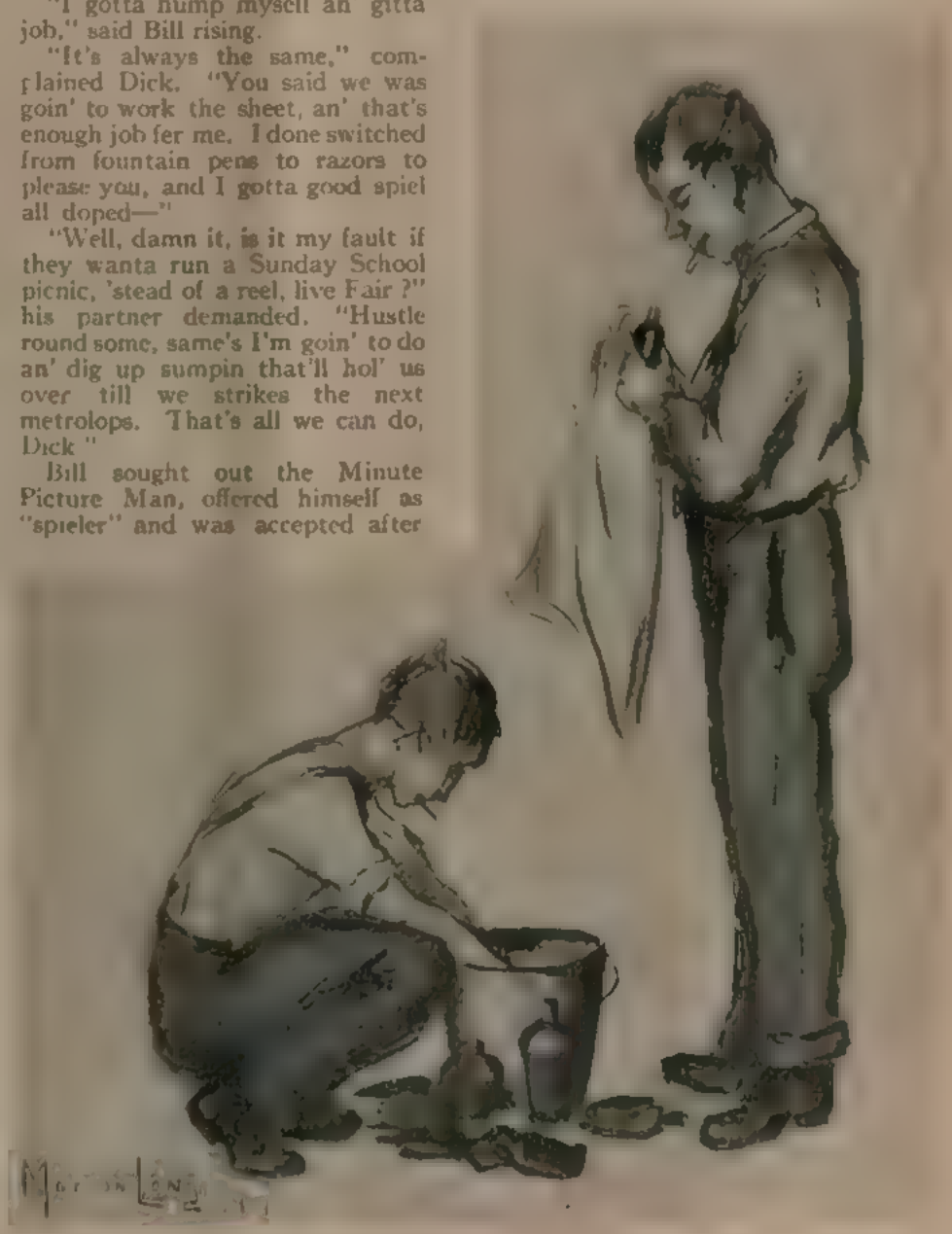
"Well, damn it, is it my fault if they wanta run a Sunday School picnic, 'stead of a reel, live Fair?" his partner demanded. "Hustle round some, same's I'm goin' to do an' dig up sumpin that'll hol' us over till we strikes the next metrolops. That's all we can do, Dick"

Bill sought out the Minute Picture Man, offered himself as "spieler" and was accepted after some inevitable haggling, on a 20 per cent. basis. He ate a hearty dinner at the Grease Joint and cleared his throat for work.

"Come on," he urged, "see to-morrer how you look, to-day. A bee-autiful picture fer ten cents. . Have yer picture taken, Mister? You an' yer wife?"

The old farmer who had elbowed his way into the crowd asked the price of this frivolity. Mr. Forrest mentioned the words "fifteen cents" with such contempt for their littleness that even Lew was impressed. He waved the bystanders back with much gallantry and created a dusty path for the farmer and his wife, while the Picture Man ducked under his black cloth.

"Hol' on," cried the farmer. "Can't ye take two on a card jes' 's easy as one?"



Midnight found the partners with about a hundred empty flasks, and these they washed and polished

Mr. Forrest signified the lack of difficulty with a snapping of his fingers.

"Wal," replied the old man, "then I ain't goin' to pay fifteen cents for 'em. Yuh kin do it fer ten." His determination was superb.

A look passed between the spieler and the photographer, in answer to which Bill also stood firm. In the end, the old man struck an attitude as he stepped in front of his wife.

"All right," he grumbled. "That bein' the case, you stan' back, Sally. I reckon I'll jes' have myself took today!"

The summit of Mr. Forrest's endurance and patience was reached. He turned to his friend.

"Gimme my money, Lew," he said. "I'm goin' to quit you. There's no fortune in this business, fer me! An' if I had to stan' around an' gas with people like that all day, I'd go clean off my nut. I'm goin' to beat it while the goin's good, But if you git in a hole an' needs me, you know where to find me. S'long."

He "shilled" into a couple of Shows, in the same manner by which a dead head finds entrance to the theatre, and killed time until the appetizing odors from the Grease Joint tempted him to spend twenty cents for sausage and coffee. In as far as it was his nature to be despondent Bill had the blues; never had he seen a better crowd, never had he watched freer spending. His afternoon's experience was the only exception. Holiday spirit was in the air, and banners waved, flags stood proudly out in the evening breeze, and the glare of torches cast an alluring light over the multi-colored Midway.

He worked his way along with the noisy, gaping throngs until he stood beside Pete, the High-striker. Loud above the din of drums, discordant bands, squealing whistles and guttural blow pipes, Pete's voice rang out among the crowd as he urged the rustics to step up and try their strength.

"Have yuh seen Dick, lately?" bellowed Bill in his ear.

Pete did not pause in making change for a stocky farmer who had unsuccessfully wielded the mallet. He hardly interrupted his spiel, as he answered.

"Take a crack—everybody. . . . (Seen him makin'). . . Wow! That was a good [illegible] master. You [illegible] rang the [illegible] ... fi' cent (Makin' [illegible] cattle buildin's a minit ago). . . . try yer muscle, gents. . . how high kin yuh striker?. . (Yuh'll likely find him down there with the rest of the hawgs) Aw, that's no good, boy. Griper tight. . . Now. . three wollops fer fi' cents. . . (S'long, Bill). . . . Come one, come all, try. .

Dick had not relinquished his intention to present the immediate neighborhood of Dingley with razors without a struggle. His spiel was nearly as good as the fountain pen dope, and he had not done too badly considering that Monday is usually an off day. But to see the gala crowds swarming in on a bright Tuesday morning, to realize that he could work the sheet with neither pens nor razors as a lure toward a year's subscription to THE FARMER'S MONTHLY HELPER, made Dick Brennan place the ancestry of President Hiram J. Morton in company with unpleasant forms of the lower animal life. He slouched along the Midway Grounds muttering to himself and shedding a forbidding scowl.

Bill laughed good naturedly for the old gink was funny

Continued on page 281.

PERHAPS the same privil[illegible] to do and [illegible] all Canadian women in these days but the individual who looks hard enough, enthusiastically enough for the opportunity to do her bit—and then creates the opportunity while she is seeking—expresses the greatness of Canadian grit and womanly initiative to her sister-Canadians; and makes us all realize the living truth that the only impossible thing under the sun, is the thing that can't be imagined!

It was not an easy thing to penetrate the miles of war office red tape entanglements that put into the almost-unattainable class the idea of a Red Cross home in France, maintained and managed by private persons But as someone has said, "Impossibilities are merely the half-hearted efforts of quitters"— and the Toronto women who conceived of a real home back of the firing line, (for men who were so far from their families that they had no chance of convale[illegible]cing in comfort), were no "quitters!"

So, after many and various assaults on the red tape entanglements, this group of Canadian women "broke through;" and forced from the British War Office the privilege of donating their personal services; and raising the necessary funds, to open a Canadian Convalescent Home for Officers, at the front

When a man, gaunt, pale, weary with mental and physical suffering yet pronounced "convalescent"—leaves the hospital to make room for the next fellow, and arrives at the Home in Dieppe, his surprised eyes first light on a sunny little garden, a contented-looking chap lazing deliciously in a swing hammock under the trees; and others sitting about in comfortable chairs, chatting with all the ease of men who are very much at home, in an atmosphere where rules and regulations are conspicuous by their absence

He is taken into the large central hall; catches glimp[illegible] to right and left, of a sunny dining-room and drawing-room that lo[illegible] from muddy trenches and [illegible] hospital like a little Heaven of lou[illegible] arm chairs, and crackling wood fir[illegible]

Upstairs are bedrooms and two TWO—bathrooms! To quote Miss Chadwick, one of the staff who is now in Toronto, and has told me all about it: "The bathrooms are a source of unending joy to the patients, the accommodation in this way, in the trenches, not being of the best!

The second floor also has a sitting-room, where those who prefer to be far from the music and talk of the drawing-room, bask in books and write home letters

The sunshiny bed-rooms sound mightily attractive—pretty paper on the walls, and chintz curtains and bed-covers in keeping with the general color-scheme

The Canadian girls who comprise the staff do practically all the work of the large household; with the exception of the cooking and the roughest work, which is in the hands of French servants who live in their own homes and come every day to the hospital. The convalescents have orderlies one for each five patients [illegible] men who have "done their bit" and are no longer strong enough for the trenches

Every afternoon, the members of the staff join the patients for tea in the drawing-room, and in the evening they all play cards, or talk together, or have a little "music fest"—and "may-be" it's homelike to the poor chaps!

Miss Chadwick says: "It is strange to see these men, ranging in age from eighteen to fifty, who have come down from the terrible fighting at the front crowding round the piano, singing at the tops of their voices, usually out of tune, and thoroughly enjoying themselves!"

Think of the fun for these men, of planting their own vegetable and flower gardens. I quote Miss Chadwick again. "A great source of plea-

Some of the Staff and Patients at the Canadian Convalescent Home at Dieppe

since this Spring has been the vegetable [illegible]. This is a very pretty plot of ground which has been lent to us. It is on the slope of a hill, and surrounded by trees and hedges. The upper half is in grass, with one good-sized bed for flowers, and a shed which we have

Margaret Wycherly, whose performance in "The Thirteenth Chair," has earned the highest praise from critics

turned into a Summer house, with the assistance of some of the patients, who were inspired to paint it a vivid green. The lower half of the ground is ploughed up, and planted in vegetables of all sorts. The home ought to be well-supplied next winter! The planting and work there were nearly all done by the patients, who would organize work parties among the more fit ones and go up there with any kind of implement that would dig, and plant seeds in the most reckless manner in any spot they took a fancy to. However, we prevented them from putting beans and cress in the same spot as cabbages. They seemed to turn from depressed, nerve-racked, home-sick men, into men who are cheerful, physically fit, and full of courage, ready to go back again to the front. And when the time comes for them to leave, and the matron and staff go to the door to wish them, "Good speed," it is the most pathetic thing to see the brave attempts they make to keep up, and to witness their efforts to thank us for the little bit of comfort and home life we have been able to give them. They know so well the horrors they are going back to, perhaps never to return.

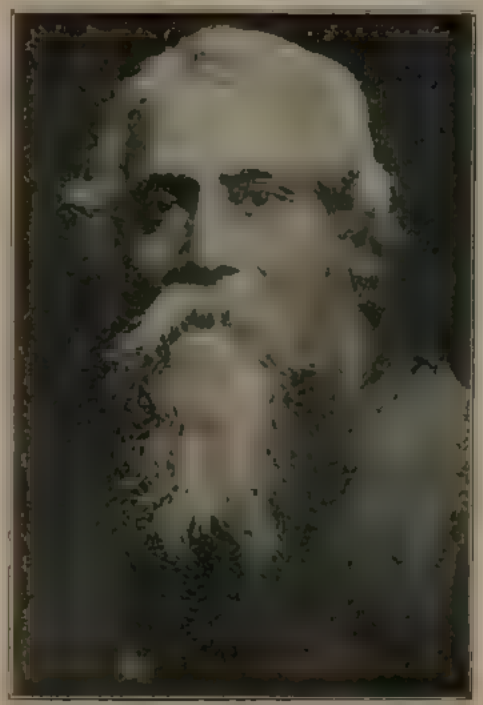
It may be of interest to you to know how "the wheels go round?" The work is carried on by a staff of eight women. Matron, Secretary, [illegible] on the [illegible] Nurse, and masseuse. Except in the case of the two latter, who receive small salaries, the service is voluntary.

Mrs. Christopher Robinson is Matron; Miss Tata is the Secretary; the Nurse, Miss Murphy; Miss Galt, Masseuse; Miss Burnham has charge of household supplies, linen, and laundry, and the orderlies are responsible to her for their work. Miss Chadwick, whose place has been filled by Miss Agatha Castles, of Toronto, had charge of the ground floor; Miss Gaviller is official Housekeeper—and when we think of all that it must mean to "house-keep" for such a large family we must feel like taking off our hats to this splendid young girl who has the grit and energy to tackle such a proposition!

It is a very real disappointment to Miss Chadwick that, for personal reasons [illegible] she has had to return to Toronto—but, with unabated enthusiasm, she is "keeping up the good work," in a munitions factory in Toronto.

It seems to me that these Canadian women are the crucible which has transmuted the dross of impossibility into golden achievement!

One of the beauties of living Up North and Beyond is that one can come into such close touch with poet friends. "In town" there is little time to read—and one reads "with a difference." In fact there's as much difference between reading poetry "in town" and "Up North," as there is between bolting a plate of strawberries and cream in a restaurant on the way to a matinee—and going out into the berry



Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet who won the Nobel prize

patch, as I did this morning; and, with pleasurable deliberation, picking large, rosy-red berries, and slowly crushing the luscious things between tongue and palate!

Friend Artist cuddled down in the hammock on the verandah to-day; and

Margaret Wycherly as Rosalie La Grange, the amusing old Irish woman in "The Thirteenth Chair"

I sat by in a green wicker chair; and I read aloud, Rabindranath Tagore's poems. Strangely enough, the title of the volume is "Fruit Gathering," which I didn't realize when I wrote the paragraph above.

The musical words, expressing radiant thoughts, seemed to us, like the notes of a great silver bell, calling all the world to a contemplation of the beautiful things of life. The poems told us that, through all his [illegible] Tagore has kept the [illegible] He has a child's sensitiveness, a child's personal quality. He has all a child's capacity for suffering, for he has not hardened his heart to suffering. He is a great human, looking forward and always forward to expressing the world of his day more and more beautifully, until Sunset is followed by dusk—and night. He makes us believe that for him—and for us—there must be a glorious Dawn, somewhere in God's To-morrow.

Winner of the Nobel prize, his poems beloved of his own people and other peoples, he yet writes:

"The pain was great when the strings were being tuned, my Master!

"Begin your music, and let me forget the pain; let me feel in beauty what you had in your mind through those pitiless days.

Continued on page 283

The Case At Evelyn Grange

THE THIRD INSTALMENT OF A GREAT MYSTERY STORY

By E. W. Grant

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

V.

IN the gun room Mrs. Lawdon, her husband, and their host were gathered in close formation about Collins, the local police potentate. By the fireplace two detectives from the city lounged, overobviously at ease.

"Do you wish to swear out a warrant against this girl?" inquired Collins as Mrs. Lawdon savagely announced her suspicions.

"Of course not," interposed her husband. "We have no evidence except what your man John reported to [illegible] Mr. Evelyn. It is not sufficient."

"Beg your pardon," interrupted the sheriff; "it is good and plenty. It allows you to hold her for further inquiry."

Mr. Evelyn interposed mildly. "I am responsible that no one leaves."

"Excuse me," the thin, soft voice of Leavison, the younger detective, asserted itself. "But don't you think it might be well to face your man with the young woman?"

"Of course!" cried Mrs. Lawdon excitedly. "Why didn't we think of it before? Send for them at once."

Evelyn pressed the electric button. "Alfred, have Mrs. Gaynor's maid brought here. Ask Dr. Wendham to attend her. I fear hysterics and faint[illegible]" His face expressed unqualified disapproval. "And, Alfred, I want John at once [illegible]" Collins nervously shifted official blanks from one hand to the other. "Have you any theory?"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.—Boyd Wendham, a physician just returned from several years' study in Vienna, joins a house party at Evelyn Grange. Among the guests is an old sweetheart Nellie Gaynor, a widow of [illegible] months, and a vulgar little parvenu who has recently become one of the set by marrying Charles Lawdon. Mrs. Gaynor tells Wendham that she exists chiefly on her earnings as part owner of a racing stable left her by her husband. Wendham is deeply concerned at her state of health, and more concerned when he learns she is massaging her neuralgic little maid. Mrs. Lawdon shows Alice Rawlins and Nellie Gaynor her jewels—in a novel jewel case made like a hat trunk, with the jewel trays cunningly set in the crowns of Paris hats. That night while all the guests are at bridge downstairs Mrs. Lawdon's jewels are stolen. A [illegible] makes Mrs. Lawdon noisily and vulgarly suspicious of her fellow guests, who are forbidden to leave the [illegible] town. John, the [illegible] accuses Adele, Mrs. Gaynor's maid of stealing the jewels and offers to hold his tongue if she divides with him. The girl repeats this, asserts that she was asleep at the time of the theft and denies her guilt so convincingly that she throws suspicion on John. Mrs. Lawdon insists on a police investigation despite its inevitable notoriety.

Collins h-m-md heavily. "Well, sir, I couldn't say. With such a houseful there's always a dozen chances. You know 'tain't always what seems the most likely one that pulls off the melon—the ones that look likely, like as not are innocent as new-laid eggs."

Mr. Evelyn smiled, and Mrs. Lawdon turned with open scorn to the two plain-clothes men. "Haven't you any opinion?" she demanded belligerently.

"Not yet, ma'am," said Leavison slowly, his quick, sneaking eyes taking in every detail of the lady's person.

Mrs. Lawdon shrugged her shoulders and greeted Dr. Wendham's entrance frigidly.

Mr. Evelyn rose to meet his guest. "Dr. Wendham, this is Mr. Collins, our local sheriff. Mr. Leavison and Mr. Grayson are detectives sent up from the city. They have decided it would be wise to confront the girl with my servant."

"Yes, I see," acquiesced Wendham. "And in case of physical distress you wish me to be present."

A tap at the door, and Mrs. Gaynor, white and haggard, appeared, followed by Adele. Wendham rose.

"Mrs. Gaynor, I beg of you return to your room. You are in no condition to endure this. I protest, as a physician"—he had turned to the others with barely repressed vehemence.

Evelyn crossed to Mrs. Gaynor's side. "Now, Nellie, go back. I promise you the girl will be dealt with as gently as possible. Mr. Collins, this is Mrs. Gaynor, this young woman's employer. She has not recovered from the shock of last evening. Can we not spare her these interviews, and take her testimony later?"

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Gaynor, of course"—overcome by the strange pallid beauty of the woman before him, the sheriff lost himself amid compliments and excuses.

Mrs. Gaynor bowed. "You will take care of her, doctor?" she asked anxiously. "If she should faint—bring her to me. I will rest—in the drawing room, to be at hand if you call. Don't be frightened, Adele," she added; "we must help all we can to clear matters up." Again with a distant bow that comprehended the group she turned and left the room.

The maid, calm now and courageous,

faced her inquisitors. Wendham observed her with strained attention. "The imaginative, concentrated type in its purest form," he commented inwardly. "Unusual resource and vitality combined with great devotion. If—if it is true, no better tool could have been chosen. With her conscious self in abeyance, one might allow her subconscious mind to deal with a situation by its own judgment. With the suggestion, 'this and that are your dangers, be prepared to meet them,'—one might rely on that mind as a stanch and gifted ally—but, no, it's ridiculous!" He shook himself free from his thoughts and fixed attention upon the girl's story. It was the same; no contradictions, no wavering. She carried conviction even to the unwilling ears of Mrs. Lawdon.

Collins sniffed and glanced a question to the detectives

"Nothin' doin' there," said Leavison under his breath.

"You have all been over the ground, gentlemen," said Mr. Evelyn, "you have this girl's story. It remains for you to hear my servant, John Dawson's, statement. Then it's up to you!"

Again he pressed the electric bell, but before his finger left the button a knock announced the butler.

"If you please, Mr. Evelyn, John has gone. We can't find him."

"Gone!" screamed Mrs. Lawdon.

"Gone!" gasped Mr. Evelyn.

"Gone!" groaned Charlie Lawdon.

"Gone! The devil!" exclaimed the sheriff

The two detectives glanced at each other.

A light of comprehension and relief broke over the face of the accused. "Oh, gone!" Her cry was one of gladness. "Then—then he [illegible]!"

"It looks like it," nodded Wendham.

Evelyn was the first to act. "Tell all you know, Vreeman," he ordered sharply

"Well, sir, according to orders, the girl here was notified, and word sent to Dr. Wendham. Then Alfred went to John's room in the servants' wing. John wasn't there, so Alfred goes below, and —we've searched the place, sir, and he can't be found."

"How could he have left the house without being seen?" questioned Grayson, becoming energetic now that the chase was fairly open.

"A dozen ways, sir. But how he'd get by the crowd of reporters out there is more'n I know."

"How was he dressed?" asked Leavison

"In his store clothes, sir. His livery we found chucked in the closet, sir."

"Leavison," said his associate, "you take the inside—I'll beat it out—I'm a reporter myself now—see?" He rose, nodded to the butler to follow, and left the room.

Leavison took out a notebook and turned to Evelyn. "From whom or what agency did you engage this man? —Savell's? Good. What were his references? Oh, the housekeeper's business! Will you describe the man? Short, stocky, round head, blue eyes; clean shaven, of course. Any scars that you recall? No? Too bad—useful things, scars. Now, if I may have a talk with your butler when Grayson gets through with him, and see your housekeeper, I'll do a little telephoning into town and trace this chap. My side partner ought to get a line on him inside of an hour or two. He can't have gone far, and the great American press has this house rounded up for fair—if you'll excuse me." He shut his notebook and slipped on noiseless feet to the door. There he turned. "Won't do," he admonished, "to relax discipline. You can't tell, you know."

"May I go?" asked Adele faintly.

"Yes, my girl," Collins answered with a show of importance; "but you're not to leave the house. And Mr. Evelyn, before these flatties have the wire stuffed, I'd like to 'phone a bit; the railroad station and such needs watching."

Wendham observed her with strained attention

Wendham nodded to Adele. "If you will come with me," he said courteously, "we will find Mrs. Gaynor, and I will give you some instructions. She will need your assistance."

The woman's face brightened. "You can rely on me, doctor—and, thank you."

Mrs. Lawdon did not raise her head, but Charlie advanced, his honest face aglow with kindliness. "I'm awfully sorry if you've felt badly," he stammered, "but I hope you understand—it couldn't be helped, you know."

Tears stood in the girl's eyes. "No, sir—but I truly didn't sir—" Her words were checked as the doctor's strong arm led her gently away.

"Listen." He spoke imperatively when they had entered the empty passage. "Mrs. Gaynor must rest—rest, do you understand? Give her plenty of fresh air, and keep her well covered. But it's sleep and rest, rest and sleep." He spoke in a low [illegible] sleep and rest—sleep!" he [illegible] Her whole weight fell upon his [illegible] In the white light of the [illegible] turned and sought her eyes. [illegible] clung to his as to a magnet. [illegible] sleepy? Answer me."

"Yes."

"Would you like to sleep?"

"Yes."

"But you must not." He [illegible] sharply, shaking her slightly [illegible] in [illegible] You [illegible] drow[illegible] What [illegible] Wendham puzzled [illegible] culprit [illegible] I'm a brute!" he exclaimed [illegible] "Anyone might have seen [illegible] might have surprised us. What[illegible] lies at the bottom of this, she must have no more emotions now. I'm a fool to take such chances. Wait her[illegible] he ordered. Rapidly tra[illegible] intervening rooms, he [illegible] small reception den where Mrs. [illegible] waited.

She opened her tired eyes. "How did she stand it?" she asked anxiously

"Her accuser wouldn't face [illegible]

"What!" A look of [illegible] crossed her face and it was followed by an amazed expression of relief.

"Yes," he continued, "John has decamped."

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "But what—what do they think?"

"There seems only one thing *to* think, for the present, anyway. But, I have given your maid in[illegible] She's to see you safe in bed, and if you fail to rest, she is to send for me."

"Oh, I [illegible] color rising to her waxen cheeks, "I shall sleep—to-night at least. Where is Adele?"

Struggling with a dozen conjectures, but with his love fixed beyond the power of any hostile conviction, he followed her to the foot of the stairs, and smiled a farewell as mistress and maid mounted together. Then he turned and paced the wide hall like a caged animal. That the woman was, and had been for years, under recurrent hypnotic control there was no doubt but in the face of the manservant's disappearance, why connect that with the robbery? A scientific interest and continual experiment were certainly permissible. Perhaps it was a kindly effort to ease the pain from which the woman suffered. Yes, that must be the reason. But had the operator

The maid, calm now and courageous, faced her inquisitors

sufficient medical knowledge and experience to make research safe for the subject? The subject should be a willing, intelligent assistant. This girl was obviously innocent of all complicity in the experiment. In whatever way the control had been gained, it was through some natural excuse, leaving the girl absolutely unsuspicious of her own condition. Her life had been divided into complete and unrealized duality—an end that could have been obtained only by the suggestion of forgetfulness prior to each awakening. Should he go to Nellie Gaynor when her strength should have returned? [illegible] answer to the riddle? Perhaps. But for [illegible] silence was preemptive.

VI

"Look at that!" exclaimed Alice as she held a newspaper at arm's length and indicated its flaring headline with a tragic-comic finger. "What did I tell you? There you are, my dear hostess, in a costume of the vintage of 1840, at least. I hadn't an idea you were alive when they wore those tall hats and bustles. Dear me! Never saw one out of the family album. Tell me, were you a dab at archery? The whole forty-eight hours of excitement and anxiety that had elapsed since the robbery had failed to ruffle Mrs. Evelyn's equanimity, but now she was roused to anger.

"It's perfectly disgraceful!" she gasped. "It ought not to be allowed."

"Oh, look at the bangs!" jeered Alice. "Dr. Wendham, do you suppose she took ether when she had them removed? And look at me! It's the snap that Barney took at Hempstead. But wait! Stop! Look! Listen! Unfold the page and gaze! We fade into significance before the blaze of the Lawdon [illegible] the Opera House chandelier.

"LIST OF STOLEN ARTICLES.

"Now, we'll really know, of course.

[illegible] a, valued at $25,000
[illegible] valued at 20,000
[illegible] and diamond collar, valued at... 18,000
[illegible] ond and pearl ring, valued at.... 3,000
[illegible] Emerald necklace, valued at 60,000

She's going strong!

[illegible]
Brown pear shaped pearl earrings... 5,000
[illegible]

"Now, if that doesn't incite the [illegible] irving East Side to riot it won't be the fault of the editorial writer and the police misinformation bureau. When the Lawdon reads th[illegible] John for lifting her twinkles. She couldn't have had it better done if she'd been a prima d[illegible] expensive press agent."

Wendham turned from the window, his hands deep in hi[illegible] "Are you run down?" he inquired.

Alice laughed. "Are you asking as clock maker, a physician, or a fox-hound?" She sobered suddenly, threw the paper upon the center table, and leaned back with her feet crossed and her hands in her pockets. "But I'll tell you who is run down for sure—it's poor Nellie. I stepped into her room before I came down. She's done. Looks to me as if she was in for a good, big attack of something. Adele was putting compresses on her head."

Wendham crossed the room quickly, intercepting a passing servant. "Ask if I may see Mrs. Gaynor." He turned, addressing himself to Mrs. Evelyn. "What Mrs. Gaynor [illegible] asked. "I consider her case critical. If you would ask her, we might send for him—physicians' etiquette, you know."

Mrs. Evelyn opened wide blue eyes. "Dear me! don't you know that Nellie [illegible] self? She never calls anyone in. No indeed! She prescribes a little strychnine if she doesn't [illegible] chloral if she doesn [illegible] you are."

[illegible] exclaimed Alice. [illegible] Dr. W[illegible] don't wonder he was upset," continued Alice. "I'm glad you tipped him off."

Mrs. Evelyn took up the paper. "I suppose you heard, Alice, what they found out about John? She had [illegible]

"No," said Alice, "I didn't."

"It's too bad," the hostess remarked. [illegible]

Alice rose with a bound. "What has John stolen Mrs. Creeks? John [illegible]

"No," answered Mrs. Evelyn [illegible] complete literalness; "no, he didn't do that. But she didn't investigate his references properly. It seems that the man has been in jail and had forged letters; recommendations from people traveling on the Trans-Siberian road or something, and somebody who had been Consul somewhere. Creeks like the tone and the stationery, and took a chance. I wish Mrs. Lawdon would go away," she continued. "It annoys me to see her around. She examines me as if she expected me to appear in her lost diamonds—little yellow cat!

A nervous step drew their attention Evelyn entered.

"Where's Wendham" he inquired abruptly

Alice nodded toward the stairs. "Gone to prescribe for Mrs. Gaynor, I fancy."

"Um!" he growled impatiently. "I want to see him. Confound this business!" he broke out; "it's got more turns to it than a—the Briarcliff course!"

"Yes," said his wife, going to him paper in hand. "Have you seen this

"That and a dozen more," he snapped. "I'm sick of the sight of the whole outfit. And as for the Lawdons—that woman's a skirling harpy!"

Alice jumped. "Skirling harpy! Thanks, dear old man, one thousand times! Banzai! I couldn't think what I wanted to say; but you have it—'skirling harpy!' Far be it from me to engage in a tilt of words with one so gifted—oh! 'skirling harpy'!"

"If you're through with that," exclaimed Evelyn with unwonted harshness, "run up to Nellie's room and ask Wendham to join me as soon as he can"

No sooner said than done," called Alice as she disappeared. A moment later she returned, followed by the physician.

"Cass," he said quickly before that gentleman could open his mouth, "send some one out for this—and this, immediately." He signed the slips with his fountain pen. "I find her condition most unsatisfactory," he added; "there is every symptom of brain fever. Now, Mrs. Evelyn, with your permission, I will telephone for a nurse."

"Is Nellie so very ill?" asked Evelyn, startled from his own concerns.

"Very, I'm afraid."

A very silent and troubled group watched him hurrying down the corridor. Mrs. Evelyn was the first to break their tangled thoughts.

"There, now. That Lawdon woman has made Nellie ill. My dear, I'll never ask anyone to oblige anyone in order to be considerate of anyone again. It's perfectly ridiculous! Alice, let's go up stairs and see if Adele needs help, or if we can arrange matters more comfortably."

The two ladies withdrew, leaving Evelyn alone in the cheerful morning room. He paced the floor nervously. His brow was knitted, his hands clenched. Life had become far too strenuous to suit his placid nature.

A moment later Wendham entered.

"She's coming—the nurse, I mean. Old man, it's serious, and I want your permission to take charge."

"You have it," said Evelyn promptly. "What you say goes."

"Mrs. Gaynor must not see anyone except the nurse, her maid and myself under any circumstances."

"Oh," said Evelyn, "and Polly and Alice have just gone to her

Wendham made a gesture of impatience. "She's sleeping—they'll have sense enough not to wake her. Now, you wanted me. Is there any further trouble?"

Evelyn's face was puzzled. "I don't know what you'd call it. I've just had an interview with Dawson."

"They've caught him?"

"No," said Evelyn; "he came back and gave himself up to me. No one else knows he's here, except the gardener's wife, who's a sort of cousin of his. She came this morning and told me that some one wished to speak with me privately at the cottage. Of course, I thought of the detectives, and went. He was there. You could have floored me with a straw. The upshot of the whole matter is this. The fellow says he funked and ran away because he was sure his past would find him out and he'd be taken on circumstantial evidence. Swears he had nothing what ever to do with the robbery, and sticks to it that he did see Adele near the Lawdon's door. He says he was tempted to hold her up and make her divide the spoils, but when he saw her stand it down he got frightened and ran for it. He owns he's been a scamp, but swears he forged those recommendations only in order to get a new start, and with every intention of keeping straight once he was established in the way of making his living—and, Wendham, I believe him. I can't help it. Now, I don't know where we are. The man has thrown himself on my mercy. There's the circumstantial evidence, and that Lawdon woman hot for blood, but on the other hand, there's Nellie ill, and she's taken the accusation against Adele to heart—so—well—I'll be hanged, Boyd, if I know what move I ought to make."

Wendham thought quickly. With the clew of the valet's disappearance removed, the trail led back again to Adele—and then—he shuddered. At any rate he must have full knowledge in order to protect the woman he loved from danger direct or indirect. "See here," he spoke sharply, "I've an idea I can get the truth out of Adele if anyone can. As a doctor I've had a varied experience. Now, before you tell anybody about Dawson, before you make any move at all, let me have an interview with her alone, there in your private office. I'll do it now, and you keep watch for me, for I positively must not be interrupted. Is it a go?"

Evelyn almost smiled, so relieved was he that anyone would assume the responsibility of action.

"Go on, Boyd—you're a brick. I'm—I'm everlastingly obliged to you!"

"I'll bring her here," said Wendham; "and if you'll have the kindness to stay in the drawing-room, you can see that no one comes in. I'll go for her."

Evelyn settled himself in an easy chair in the drawing-room, whence he could see the entrance to the gun room, the main staircase and hall, and the farther entrance to the breakfast room. The house was as quiet as if deserted

Wendham went directly to Mrs. Gaynor's suite and knocked gently. He found his patient resting with feverish heaviness. By her side

My lady told me to find those things that were hers—to be sure that no one saw me

sat Adele, her faithful eyes fixed with [illegible] adoration upon the sleeper's face.

"Adele," said Wendham softly, "I have [illegible] to give you. I must [illegible] the apparatus [illegible]."

Mrs. Gaynor stirred at the sound of his voice, seemed on the point of waking but settled once more among the pillows. The physician signed to the servant.

"Tell the maid, whichever one cares for this floor, to be on hand in case Mrs. Gaynor needs her." Adele rang the corridor bell, and a moment later the maid approached. "Wait here, near the door," Wendham ordered. "Mrs. Gaynor is resting now, but she might wake and need attention. I must give this girl some special instructions."

Alice Rawlins was first upon the scene

He conducted his charge rapidly across the gun room to the quiet of Evelyn's private office. In spite of his will his heart beat heavily and his throat contracted in fear of what revelations might come.

With an effort he calmed himself. "Sit here," he said, indicating the end of the divan. The light poured through the uncurtained window. The woman's face was calm and attentive. "You realize, I suppose," he began gently, "that your mistress is very ill?"

"I was afraid so," she answered.

"I wish to be certain," he continued, drawing his chair close to the girl, "that you are strong enough to take charge of the case, until we bring in a trained nurse. You suffer from neuralgia, do you not?" He passed his hands gently over her forehead and face. "Let me see your eyes." She turned to him. His fine hands wove a slow pattern of gestures before her. "You are in pain now. [illegible] ing between her level brows.

"In great pain. If you sleep now, you will be rested and able to take care of your mistress. Will you sleep now—sleep—sleep." His voice became insistent and soothing.

She nodded, sighed heavily, and succumbed slowly.

He rose, caught her relaxed body and straightened it upon the divan. For a moment he held her pulse, then lifted the white eyelid and looked at the pupil beneath.

[illegible]

He [illegible]

"Yes," came her voice, strangely dulled, as if far away.

"I want you to remember some things for me. Mrs. Gaynor wants me to know—she wants you to tell me because I can help her. Where did you hide the diamonds you took from Mrs. Lawdon's room?"

Without hesitation, and in the same placid, remote voice, she answered. In spite of the suspicion that had become conviction, this direct acknowledgment stunned him. In the intensity of his emotion his attention strayed from the details of the woman's confession.

"Tell me that again," he ordered. "Repeat it slowly."

Obediently, with measured utterance, she began again. "The ivy grows under the window. There is a nail in the brickwork; a wire is tied to it. I reached it from the window. The bag is red leather, like the bricks; it's on the end of the wire. You can't see it from outside, and the nail and wire are like those set for the vines." Her voice trailed off in a murmur of deep sleep.

"Tell me, remember well—where did you get that bag?"

"My lady gave it to me."

"When did you take those jewels from the hat box?"

"When everyone was at dinner."

"Who told you to?"

"My lady told me to find these things that were hers—to be sure that no one saw me. A key hangs with many others on a ring beside the mirror; it is flat and has two grooves and a round hole at the top."

During the latter part of the sentence the girl's voice changed. It was as if a phonographic record had been turned on, so perfect was the reproduction of Nellie Gaynor's voice. The effect was almost terrifying, yet a strange tenderness toward the erring woman filled his heart. Even in her crime she had spared her tool the consciousness of wrong doing. She had directed her to take her mistress's proper belongings from a place indicated. Then knowledge mocked him. An honest will cannot be blindly driven to crime, even when subservient. Yet he clung to the gentler interpretation, striving to find some comfort where palliation and excuse were denied.

"Did anyone see you when you left the room?" he asked.

"Yes. I was far down the corridor. He spoke and passed me. I did not answer."

Wendham bent over her. His jaw was set with determination, his brows drawn with pain.

"Tell me, and remember carefully, have you ever taken your mistress's jewels before from other places? Think well."

"Yes," she said slowly.

"When you were stopping in Douglaston, what was it that time?"

"My lady's long string of pearls. I went back for them; my lady had forgotten them, and told me where."

"How did you get into the house?"

"I came in in veils and a long coat, like——"

A cry and report—so close and loud that the air seemed rent by the explosion.

Wendham leaped to his feet.

The doorway framed a group in tragic violence. Nellie Gaynor, gray as death, a silken garment flung over her nightdress, where quickly spread a crimson stain, was clinging gasping to the shaking arm of Evelyn, while on the floor at her feet lay a heavy .44.

"Good God!" he cried.

"Look, look!" stammered Evelyn. "Is she dying?"

A flash of intelligence came to Nellie's eyes. She opened her set teeth to speak, but her utterance was choked in blood.

Suddenly Wendham straightened, the habit of the physician mastering him.

"The wound is in the neck—there's a chance." He spoke quickly and his eyes commanded Evelyn's explicit obedience.

Already cries and the rush of hurrying feet announced the arrival of the frightened household.

"It was an accident. She has brain fever, Evelyn. She is entirely out of her head. I will bring Adele." He laid Nellie in Evelyn's arms, and sprang within the den.

The unmoved sleep of the woman contrasted like the awful incongruity of a nightmare, with the scene enacted so close beside her.

"Wake up! Wake up! Adele. Wake quickly—forget our talk. Your mistress needs you. She is hurt—come!" His swift hands flew above the girl's still features. She sat up as if

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The Light in Her Eyes

By Marguerita Spalding Gerry

Illustrated by Walter Tittle

AT three every afternoon, Smith made his way to his Lieutenant's steamer chair, in a sheltered nook under the pilot house on the starboard side, carrying rugs and cushions. In perhaps ten minutes he appeared again almost carrying the Lieutenant himself. The Lieutenant was very tall where Smith was short, so the arm that Smith had passed around his own neck remained there without much difficulty; and, thus supported, the empty sleeve secured by being thrust into a pocket, and with the sergeant's own arm around the drooping body, the journey from stateroom to deck could be performed without much difficulty. Smith had seen to it that the most desirable spot on the forward deck was reserved for his charge; it was pleasantly in the sun, and yet shielded from the northwest wind that was beginning to have a bite in it. In fact, it was a spot that the deck steward reserved usually only where the tip was of princely magnitude. Yet Smith, who had been put in charge of Harthen's slender resources, had no argument but a hastily uttered story poured into a usually impassive ear

Those passengers of the *Yokohama* who happened to be in the vicinity were apt to turn their heads away when the pair appeared. Harthen was too uncomfortably like a corpse to have the spectacle one upon which their eyes cared to rest. And when the fussy, anxious little attendant had cautiously lowered his charge into the depths of the chair, swathed him with so many rugs that it was only by inference that one could imagine a man was at the center of them, and sat down on the camp stool at his side, the emaciated face, with the thick skin lying in loose, yellowed folds over the large features, was still without expression. One could only conjecture whether the listlessness of the hollow eyes was due to weakness or despair.

Curious passengers paused to ask the attendant about his story, sympathetic souls sought for news of his condition. The questions were answered or evaded, according to Smith's intuition as to the motive of the enquirer.

On the fourth morning out, Miss Halstead, with a motion of her definite little right hand which signified that the companions of her promenade should go on without her—there was one new one that afternoon—stopped before the pair.

"Why do you always hold his hand in yours?" she inquired, without prelude. Directness was characteristic of her. Underneath the tender appeal of the glance of eye and quality of voice, was the quiet assurance that people would do as she suggested.

Smith struggled to his feet, still holding the limp hand in his.

"Why, it's this way, ma'am," he answered with the deference that he rarely accorded to unmilitary interlocutors. "The Lootenant's been all shot up. And his nerves is all to the bad—it's a nervous breakdown, the doctor says," with a sudden assumption of medical phraseology. "Though it's insultin', it seems to me, to talk about his havin' nerves!"

"Tell me all about it. No, no, please sit. I understand, you can't move. I would rather stand." She was facing them as she leaned against the railing. "Doesn't he hear?" This query was made with her eyes, but was so definite that Smith answered it aloud.

"No, indeed, ma'am." It was queer that the man instinctively called her "ma'am" when he was convinced that she was not only unmarried, but very young. "He's been that way for weeks. He either doesn't hear at all, or he's so numblike that he doesn't care. It would be good for him, I figure it out, if something he heard would start him up a bit. It ain't natural to be like he is"

The wind had loosened a corner of the big-plaided rug whose reds and greens made more ghastly the ghastly face. A shudder passed over the girl as the long lankness of the sleeve was laid bare, empty from the shoulder; and then tears made her eyes more tender. But the sergeant leaned forward to tuck in, with his disengaged right hand, the rug around the shoulders. His touch was as [illegible] and fussy as that of an inexperienced little mother with a month-old baby. But [illegible] ant's bony fingers, clasped tight [illegible] own hard hand.

"Would you mind [illegible] much trouble—?" [illegible] his shoulders and was twice [illegible] he was before he heard the [illegible] courtesy of her voice. "I would [illegible] to hear the whole story, from the very beginning, you know—every word!"

"Indeed, I'd be proud to tell [illegible] ma'am." Miss Halstead could [illegible] know that half the [illegible] *Yokohama* had made the [illegible] had voiced, to be refused in gruff discourtesy.

"We was part of the Allies about Tien-Tsin, and things was goin' bad There was the old city, and the [illegible] went around it in a sort of a sc[illegible] And the Chinamen was pouring [illegible] and shell down into us from the [illegible] as hard as they could drive. O[illegible] the walls was a rotten moat, fu[illegible] Chinamen, some of 'em dead for a [illegible] Outside that was a swamp and [illegible] that a field. The field was where [illegible] General-in-chief, an Englishman, was directing things and where the reserves was

"I wasn't in the Lootenant's company at first—he was actin' Captain only he hadn't been made that [illegible] official. Mine was the Fourth. He had just reported from taking a wounded chap to the rear under heavy fire, and volunteered for service and got it.

"Then he came out where I was—I hadn't been in action—there ain't no reason for to tell you why." His face was darkly red and he turned his eyes away from her. "I was feelin' sore. And the Lootenant knew it by lookin' at me, so he said: 'You don't give a damn, do you?' And I said I didn't. Then he laughed, a big, happy sort of a laugh. He was about the huskiest off'cer I ever see, ma'am; not much of a man to make a show aound where

ladies was, but a jim-dandy to make men follow after him. 'Then you come along with me; we don't want any chaps that have got wives and babies to go home to,' he went on. For it's a stiff job we're going in for. But if some fools like us don't get up near enough to shoot the grin out of their yellow faces—well, there are women and children within the walls! And there's a line in the despatches for every one of us that falls!'

"It was a tough enough proposition to get the men across the field. For, you know, that sort of thing ain't got the hurrah and trumpeting and dash of a general charge. It's just pushing your men on bit by bit where it's mighty bad walkin', and seein', on an average of once a minute, some man crumple up and slip down. But when we got into the marsh it got harder still. The Lootenant did his best, but we was only a hundred and sixty to start with, and then we was only about eighty. So pretty soon the men stopped altogether, and he couldn't get 'em on. He had his left arm brandishin' around in the air the way you can't help doin' when you're cursin' 'em by turns, and kickin', too, and threatenin' to shoot, when a lump of shrapnel come along and glanced off from a tree and tore his arm all to pieces. And he crumpled up, too, and slid to the ground.

"When I got to him he was dyin' peaceful enough, because an artery had been cut that had made a good-size pool of blood in the grass and But when he came to a little he knew, of course, that we wouldn't get up under the walls unless he made us, so he gave up feelin' comfy on the ground and got me to help him to screw the thing up somehow and plug the hole with first-aid bandages. He got to his feet, with the hanging hand stuck into a pocket because it got in the way. And well, he got us up there somehow. I don't know whether the Lord or the devil helped him to do it. But sixty of us—with him at the head looking like nothin' human that I ever see and yelling like a crazy man—got through the stinkin' water of that there moat and hung on somehow and held the fort so the other chaps could get their breath and forget how bad they wanted to run. It seemed to me that it was the next minute that the Japs piled into it and there was a big hurrah, with some more scrappin' of course, but it's different when it's on your side. And then it was over and we got in.

"And now it's a gamble whether he quits or not. The doctors say he's cured, but I think something's broken inside of his head or nerves or something and he don't partciular want to live. And I can't make him, nohow. He don't give a d-dime even when I read him the despatches and he sees that he's been posted by the English general for conspicuous gallantry and recommended for the V. C.—which of course he can't get, not being an Englishman, but is the nearest they could come to giving it to him—and decorated by the Japanese. His captain's commission is waiting for him. He's got the whole Service in his pocket! And he won't even take an egg-and-sherry unless I choke him so he has to swallow it! And then he'd fight me if he wasn't so weak!"

"You come along with me," he said, "we don't want any chaps that have wives and babies"

The little man's voice had grown husky and he bent his head as he tucked the rug over the feet of the inert figure to hide the blurring of his eyesight. When his hand was loosened and the invalid missed the firm, warm, human clasp, his body began to shake with pitiful tremors, and dismay and terror came into the pale eyes.

Miss Halstead had been following the sergeant's story with a face that alternately paled and flushed and with lips that often trembled. With her eyes hidden she said to Smith:

"You have to hold his hand like that—all the time? Or he shakes and trembles so? But that keeps you by him! That is hard on you—confining."

The sergeant cleared his throat, and spoke with embarrassed gruffness:

That ain't nothin', ma'am, to what I'd like to do. The more you git a chance to do the more dog-goned proud you are when it's a man—like—him."

"Do you suppose—" The girl turned on him with the impersonal directness that gave such a curious accession of dignity to her slight and charming presence. "Would it make any difference to him if it was the hand of anyone else—my hand?"

Sara had never received a greater tribute than the fact that the battered personality that confronted her saw nothing either belittling or humorous in her suggestion.

"We might try it, ma'am, and see."

Cautiously a hand, soft yet vigorous, slid its smooth beauty into the long bony fingers as the sergeant drew his hand away. The sergeant straightened himself and stretched his cramped arms luxuriously. Miss Halstead nodded to him with authority:

"Go and get some rest," she said, under her breath, but with the finality that marked her. "I'll stay here for two hours."

It is doubtful if the *Yokohama* in the length of her sea-going career had ever had the sensation that was furnished it that day. When the tidings reached the aunt, the fiction of whose authority was one of Miss Halstead's most valued possessions since it enabled her to have her own way very nearly to the top of her bent, that lady swallowed hard in anticipation of her certain defeat and bore down upon the spot on the forward deck, under the pilot-house, on the starboard side.

Miss Halstead, who understood perfectly that none of the excellent reasons she might bring forward to explain her action would be comprehended by her relative, confined herself in the short conversation, where neither voice rose above a beautifully enunci-

ated murmur, to a gentle statement of her intentions in the matter. Gradually the wave of amusement, the undercurrent of ridicule, subsided around the invulnerable young figure, and she was tacitly allowed to fill her place at the side of the piteous wreck with no comment

For days Harthen was apparently oblivious. At first he was actually so, too near to the death he had evaded and too indifferent to the life he might have to take up again, to be conscious that it was not Smith's hand that closed around his own. But there came a day when something that was not an idea and not altogether a sensation penetrated to the sullen recesses where the bewildered soul of him had taken refuge, and he turned his eyes and looked. Out of a vaguely inimical space, peopled hitherto with discordant sounds and distasteful images, two eyes, made tender by thick lashes of velvet blackness, regarded him. From that day, although motion was to him a thing to be dreaded and speech a phenomenon almost impossible to compass, although he might lie for hours in an apathy that was apparently never to be lifted, yet in some vague, thrilling way he felt.

They had been at sea two weeks before there was any evidence in the invalid's manner that her presence meant anything to him. It was when she was ten minutes late one afternoon. Smith had observed it, for he had made a mental note that the beer would be going stale, when his attention was drawn to his patient's unusual restlessness. From one side to the other Harthen turned his heavy head, his eyes brightened by unmistakable irritable inquiry, and the rugs displaced by his peevish motions.

At that moment Miss Halstead came into sight. And into the Lieutenant's hollow eyes there came unmistakable satisfaction. Smith saw it, and from that day dated the military salute with which he invariably greeted the lady. It was the one mark of deference he knew concerning whose good form he could have no doubt. Miss Halstead realized her promotion and marked it with a quiet little side smile, full of indulgent humor.

But the stirring of the lapsed personality of the man brought to the surface a sediment of sullen despair. He had lifted his whole body eagerly. But the motion hurt the still sore wound. And that brought back, what he had for the thousandth time forgotten, that inconceivable outrage, the loss of his arm. The blood for an instant rushed to his anguished, humiliated face and then ebbed away. His eyes turned to the side of the ship, sought the water. There was sinister calculation in their hopeless depths.

Being a woman who was all a-tingle with delicate perceptions of the very thoughts of others, Miss Halstead understood

"He is thinking he might as well drop overboard," she said to herself, in painful sympathy, as the poor eyes sought hers in hunted uncertainty as to how much she had divined. "What can I do that will make him want to live?"

She would not act hastily. She knew that the man's tragedy was a desperate one

"And I'm sure he's so worth-while!" she sighed to herself.

But through the two hours' quietude she sat with her mind at work. "If he were once convinced that he could make up for it somehow—," she mused.

When Smith came back she sat with her eyes still on the endless procession of the waves, and on her face the deep, in-drawn look.

From that time Sara went about with a purpose.

She began by appearing at Harthen's side with a bundle of letters, steamer letters she remarked to the departing Smith, which she had not yet had time to read, and which she would look over as she sat there. When Harthen and she were alone together she glanced through one or two and began making a comment or so aloud. Talking had never been a part of the programme; but now, in spite of persistent silence, she chose to consider that the invalid could listen.

Over one of the letters she deliberately halted.

"Plucky fellow!" she exclaimed emphatically. "Well, that is just about the bravest man I know! Any other man would have thought his life was over." She almost laughed out with satisfaction, for the fingers that she held contracted. So she went on: "It's one of my friends who has had a knock-down blow. Tuberculosis, you know. He couldn't live East. And he had just worked up a splendid law practice. He had to lose all his equipment—half his life thrown away—" She paused a moment, artistically, and then fluttered leaves and spoke with an absent voice: "Any one might be excused for being bitter. But he tells me he is getting interested in the conditions on the Indian reservations—there in dry countries where he can live, you know. Here—yes, this is what he says: 'a practically unlimited field—it's the type of character. They are such splendid *men*.' Good gracious, he got a bear! But there, I mustn't tire you." She lapsed into silence, noting, from the corner of her eye, that there was an unmistakable flicker of interest in the dull eyes.

The next day it was the career of Nelson that she had been reading about, and the keenness of his observation in spite of his one eye; on another day she was glowing over the intrepid old English admiral with his wooden leg. Prattling, singing, inspiring, never expecting any response, but keeping up her comment as though monologue were her accustomed field, [illegible] she was keen enough to interpret, bringing the whole genius of her subtle and tender personality to bear upon her self-imposed task of saving from waste the life that chance had thrown in her way, as absorbed in the moment's interest as if she had elected it to be her life pursuit, quite as enthusiastically as though her way had not been illuminated with like fervors and as though many more did not await her in the environment to which she was returning—thus did Miss Halstead work for the remaining week of their passage.

From Harthen, though from day to day even the most indifferent could note improvement—Smith recorded it as something very like tears of joy in his little reddened blue eyes that the Lieutenant was so much better than he swore when the sergeant was [illegible] in getting him on deck—there was never a word. Whether he was conscious of her effort, whether he was bored by it or simply enduring, often when he was awake even, there was nothing to tell her. Until it came to the last day.

They were all out on deck, watching the indistinct line of California coast form itself into the beautiful crescent harbor. Miss Halstead, in the midst of the general confusion and excitement, chose to stand near Harthen, not speaking but conveying to him in this moment that must be fraught for him with almost unbearable feeling, as she had discovered from Smith that a mother was awaiting him—the assurance of her own understanding thought. As she turned away to answer some query of her aunt, she thought that her skirt caught, and bent over to detach it. But it was Harthen's hand. He was looking strongly up at her, and his gray eyes were keen and bright.

"I am going to live," he said. "I want you to know it

Miss Halstead came into her drawing-room with the slightest frown of impatience upon her face. Kerby had forgotten the sponge cakes and the lemon for tea again, and Captain Harthen had written that he would be there at five. Sara was impatient of forms in most things. But it was a truism that certain things had to be, and she had very little patience with people that did not do their work. Now she rang for Kerby, brought him to a sense of his short-comings in a very few words, and sent him away with the distinct impression that, if it happened again, he would lose a very good situa

tion. Then she dismissed the tiresome detail from her consciousness and wondered how Captain Harthen would look after the intervening months.

She had supposed that the landing at San Francisco meant the ending of the incident that had formed the central point of the voyage. With the impersonality that was so curious a contrast to the impassioned interest with which she threw herself into the pursuit of her ideas, she had not the slightest emotion over the fact that, having drawn the man back into a wholesome attitude toward his life, she would probably never see him again. While Harthen as an invalid might make overwhelming appeal to the exquisite tenderness that awoke in her at the sight of [illegible] realized perfectly that Harthen, a normal human being, would probably prove rather tiresome than otherwise. Even if he did not develop the sentimental proclivities that one or two of the musicians or painters around whose neglected merit she had [illegible] and relatives in times past had done, it was a stupid situation, and she had never understood why he had thought it necessary to send her, from time to time, formal and perfunctory reports concerning his condition and plans. Worse than anything else, he might consider himself under obligation to her, which was a situation that [illegible] intelligent sensible interchange of ideas. That afternoon Sara did not look altogether the person with whom any normally constituted male being could placidly interchange impersonal theories.

A heavier dash of rain against the glass [illegible] the window with a misgiving concerning the effect upon an invalid of the driving rain. Then she [illegible]. Of course Captain Harthen [illegible] probably perfectly well at this time—in fact, his letter had said [illegible] spectacle of the movi[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

knew, and you told me just what I wanted to know. So, of course, I had to come here, as soon as I had had a chance to get myself into condition, so you could see whether you thought I had made good so far. I owed that to you——"

The impression that his manner conveyed was that this was a piece of almost professional duty, that he was reporting to a superior officer. Sara fell into the mood; she regarded him with a face as serious as his own:

"How did you do it?" she said. "It's like a miracle." Then she made an effort to bring the situation into the normal. She seated herself and lighted the lamp under the kettle. "But I'm sure you must want some tea."

He disregarded the interruption although he took the easy-chair opposite to her. But he answered the question she had asked.

"I went into training as soon as I was strong enough to walk." It was odd how the detached definiteness of his tone had the force to Sara of the most impassioned utterance she had ever heard. Perhaps it was that her quick imagination constructed for her the determination not to be conquered that lay behind it. "There was an ex-bruiser at home that had some good ideas," he went on, "and we worked out some exercises that served. The worst of it was the *fat*." There was the nearest to a show of emotion that the interview had brought forth — the emphasis on the word "fat" was indescribable in its abhorrence. "As soon as I began to gain, everything went to flesh—all the food they give to invalids do that. So I had to work and diet, too, to get that off and get muscle up again."

He paused a moment, and the muscles of his face tightened:

"The doctors had told me that the shoulder where they had taken off the arm would certainly be higher than the other, and that the lung would be partially atrophied—always was in such cases. I told them—with elaborations—that they didn't know what they were talking about, that I didn't propose to carry around anything like that." Here he stood, his lean figure very tense and straight. "Would you mind coming here a minute, Miss Halstead?" he asked. "And put your hand here?"

She obeyed his gesture and spread her fingers over his chest, while he inflated the lungs underneath. "And here," he commanded, "on my back!"

Again she obeyed, and felt the great bands knot and unknot under her hand, as he flexed the muscles as seriously as though promotion in his profession depended on his establishing his fitness before this judge. "Do you see any signs of atrophy there?" he challenged her. "And is there any difference in the line of this shoulder?"

"With him at the head yelling like a crazy man"

She shook her head in evidence of the verdict, and sank into her chair again, oddly disconcerted.

"I strike you as being a whole man, not a makeshift?" he asked, his searching eyes on hers. "Ready to do a man's work?"

She nodded again, afraid to trust her voice.

"Then *that's* done." He heaved a big sigh, and sat looking into the firelight with a certain restfulness in his face. He turned suddenly on her again. "And, of course you did it, you know that?"

She began to disclaim, but he cut her protestations short. "Oh, yes, you did it," he ended the matter.

She found it comfortable to create a diversion and made a cup of tea, which he accepted perfunctorily. She couldn't help seeing how cleverly he managed, using the wide arm of his chair as a table, and adjusting his plate and cake and cup and saucer so well that no one would have realized that he was making one hand do the work of two. She thought how much perseverance, how much effort that skill in itself betrayed, and her throat contracted, but more in admiration than in pity.

"Yes, it took a good long time to learn," he said [illegible] answering the thought behind her eyes. "But it is cutting up meat and putting on gloves that is really hard."

"And what is it to be now?" she asked.

"I think my work is going to be in China," he said. "I doubt if I come back here, for more than a visit. The Chinese fighting man is a pretty fine chap, he doesn't care what [illegible] him. You get to respect men that even with your superior training you have had to [illegible] a good hard fight to beat. [illegible] are going to be happening. And I'd like to have a hand in making an army. I tell you, there's great stuff there!" The firelight caught his eyes, and for the first time, she saw the gleam in them of exaltation; he was on fire with enthusiasm. It made her feel a sudden chill of loneliness, this purpose in which neither she nor any woman could have a part.

"Tell me," she said, leaning forward. "Is this the only thing you have brought out of all the horror—the desire to go back? What has it meant to you, after all, all that experience?"

He studied her before he decided to answer.

"I can't go into all the psychological part of it. For one thing, I never was much for going down inside myself to drag up motives and all that. And for another thing, there isn't room for it at all for all the fuss people make about fighting. There is nothing in it but going crazy mad, determined to get your men where you're told to go—and then, if you're hit, a long big grind afterward when the only thing you feel like doing is to swear at the whole thing. And there's no use going into the being sick part of it, for a field hospital is no place to take a woman even in thought. But when you had been detailed to bury the dead in trenches before you were hit, and then when your cot is right where you can look, in the intervals when the surgeons are not torturing you, into the room where they are cutting other men up and every other minute you see a leg or an arm come shooting through the air to add to the pile in the corner, you

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The Pope's Peace Terms

THE press throughout the Allied countries has been practically unanimous in its opinion that the peace terms suggested by Pope Benedict [illegible] Powers. Many of them make the charge that the proposals was in [illegible] by Germany and that the proposals are timed to answer the peace movement in that country, to relieve the pressure on Austria and to take advantage of the Socialist movement in France and England for peace on a "no annexation" basis. The New York *World* says, commenting on the Pope's proposals—"There can be no peace until Prussianism is destroyed. Whether it is [illegible] from without or from within [illegible] there is to be peace in the world. It is now the beginning and the end of the war-aims of the Allies, and unless achieved, autocracy has triumphed and German militarism is the foe of civilization."

The Boston *Herald* believes that anything like a general acceptance of the Pope's terms would set all the various nations of the Allied group at one another's throats, and says:

"Suppose Great Britain, for example, were to say in some official way that she liked the Pope's program. What would Italy think of such an "abandonment of her aims in the Trentino? Belgium would cry 'Perfidious Albion!' at the suggestion that after all the sacrifices of men and treasure [illegible] would be true of the British Empire which have conquered German colonies with great valor and determination. And so you can go on down the list. Meanwhile, see what would happen to Germany. She would emerge together in a mid-European federation an extraordinarily powerful group of nations, and she would emerge from the war to-day with [illegible] of 1914-1917 well worth fighting, from the point of view of her own [illegible] provided she suffered no [illegible]

The London (England) *Times* calls [illegible] Allies are bound to reject. [illegible] anti-Ally even than was the summary first sent out. A comparison of the main proposals of this note with those put forward in the Reichstag resolution, in German schemes for the Stockholm conference and in German articles and speeches, demonstrates the peace the Pope proposes would, in fact, be a German peace. This strongly confirms the suspicion that this document is the outcome of German inspiration. What are the nations to think of a proposal which puts the innocent assailed and the guilty aggressor upon the same footing and intimates that in place of reparation for wrong done—which they demand—they ought to accept 'entire and reciprocal condonation'?

The Montreal *Herald* says that acceptance of the proposed terms would be an admission of German military superiority. "Since the Pope's peace offer was made public the Allies have achieved some notable victories over the Central Powers. The victories of the Italians, in the face of most formidable natural obstacles, indicates the waning power of the Austrians and the imperative necessity of peace to save "the ramshackle Empire" from disintegration. Before Verdun and in Flanders the British and French have again demonstrated the absolute mastery of the Allied armies. On the Eastern front, despite the disorganization of the Russian army, the Germans have been unable to pursue the openings afforded them, because of the enormous strain and drain on the Western front. Everything indicates that the Allies now have the upper hand. Germany is trying to create the impression that if she cannot make any further advances she can at any rate retain her gains. Nobody outside Germany believes that, however. To negotiate with Germany for the return of the territory she is now so precariously holding would be to admit German military superiority, and to give Germany an opportunity of recouping herself to some extent. But to drive what remains of the German armies back to their own land at the point of the bayonet would be a crushing defeat of militarism, even if German soil were never invaded."

In an editorial under the heading "Dooming the Hohenzollern," *The Toronto Mail* endorses President Wilson's emphatic reply to the Pope's proposals, saying:

"President Wilson's notice to Germany that there can be no peace with the Hohenzollern autocracy is thoroughly in line with Mr Balfour's recent declaration that permanent peace can be secured only by making Germany free or powerless. Premier Lloyd George has frequently enunciated the same principle—that there can be no assurance of peace until the German people have won control over their affairs. Unquestionably Mr. Wilson's brief, direct reply to the Pope's proposals will cause foamings and ravings in Berlin, and renewed howls about Germans standing together against foreign dictators, but the reaction will not be against the Entente so much as against the autocracy at home. . . . Psychology and morale are half the battle in long wars, Since the United States came into the war, and neutral after neutral has followed, moral influences have steadily worked against the Central Empires. President Wilson's ringing definitions of the issue, put on the highest possible basis by a nation seeking nothing for itself, have been mighty strokes at the underpinning of Hohenzollernism. Autocracy may force the German people to further terrible privations and sacrifices, but by so doing, it is inevitably digging its own grave."

Restitution, reparation and guarantees in the opinion of The Toronto *Globe*, must remain as the guiding principles of future negotiations at the peace conference that must one day assemble to re-fashion the world. It continues: Germany will have a place at that Conference when she pays the price of admission. President Wilson makes it clear that there is no place at that Conference for the emissaries of military despotism. Mr. Lloyd George has told the people of Germany that when they choose to seek peace as a free people the Allies will meet them in a very different attitude from that in which they will meet their present rulers. President Wilson, voicing the Allies, comes back to the one condition precedent to the discussion of measures for the establishment of international right and justice. The first and paramount aim of the Allies is the complete destruction of the military power of Kaiserism. That is an essential preliminary to peace negotiations. Peace on any other terms, as the British Premier insists, would be an international disaster. Were this essential condition achieved by the German people themselves they would find that the Allies would meet them in no ungenerous spirit. If the German people fight this war to a finish behind the Junkers they will have to face a future in which the world will hold them in distrust, and in which their development may be hampered by actual hostility.

Doings In Dingbat Land

Verses by Ida Spragge Costain Drawings by Dudley Ward

In a faraway land live the Dingbat band
Their home is the beautfiul moon
Getting there is no trouble, you ride on a bubble.
For that is the Dingbat's balloon.

There are quaint little fays with peaceable ways.
Who love a good laugh and a joke.
They are proud of their eyes of saucerlike size;
And think they are quite handsome folk.

But now I must tell what trouble befell
To some of the Dingbat clan.
'Twas Gay-dog the King who started the thing—
And this is just how it began.

Now the King as kings go wasn't half bad, you know:
He was really quite human in taste.
But for reasons of state he had wed (cruel fate)
A queen with a forty-inch waist

Her name was Boo-hoo, and all she could do
Was to cry seven days out of eight.
"I'm so fat," she would wail, "not a thing will avail,
O what will reduce me in weight ?"

Though 'twas a great shame, Gay-dog you can't blame
When he finally sued for divorce.
"Her tears fall like rain, it's too wet to remain
Tied for life to a live water course."

Then at his command 'twas proclaimed thro' the land
That the king would another wife choose.
"But this time," said he, "Venus-like she must be.
Short of that I shall surely refuse."

With trappings quite gay, in gorgeous array,
He rode on his elephant's back.
While his heralds cried, "Lo! The King cometh, now go
Bring your beauties. There must be no lack."

But each Dingbat maid that joined the parade
Old Gay-dog turned quickly away.
They displeased with their eyes, complexion, or size.
"Have you no other maids to display ?"

The King was quite peeved: "Who would have believed
That in all of my wondrous domain
I can't find a queen who is fit to be seen.
They all are quite hopelessly plain.'

Then to his delight, the old rascal caught sight
Of a sweet little maid slipping by.
Face and figure were fine down to ankle divine.
"Quick, catch her ! She'll do !" was his cry

But this Dingbat sly exclaimed: "Highness, I
Am engaged with another to wed."
Thus Columbine spoke, "Sire, surely you joke;
Won't you please choose another instead ?"

Then the King in his wrath cried: "A fig for your troth !
'Tis broken by royal decree.
Bring her father to me !" To his heralds said he;
"Bring Crusty, her father, to me !"

So to the old man, Gay-dog thus began
"Sweet Columbine must be my wife
Old Crusty was pleased, "Thank'e, thank'e," he wheezed.
"A King for a son—that's the life !"

Then while the two planned a wedding quite grand,
To Strongheart poor Columbine flew
"O, lover !" she cried, "I'm to be the King's bride.
Now what in the world can we do ?"

In deepest distress she sobbed: "You can guess,
What Father and Mother will say."
Said her love with a smile, gently soothing the while
"Don't fret, we'll elope, dear, to-day

"For I love you, my own, though not a king's throne
Can I offer you—only my heart.
But I'll guard with my life, my mate, my sweet wife,
Till the gods will that death us do part."

Then Columbine sighed: "To be, dear, your bride
No happiness greater I'd find.
I [illegible], dear one, as a flower the sun.
[illegible] kings and courts far behind."

So they hurried away to the elephant "Bey."
In their loyal old friend to confide
"Now quiet your fears," rumbled he, "you two dears,
Far away on my back both shall ride."

'So up with you, climb ! We haven't much time,
They'll be seeking you now without fail."
Then off on old Bey rode the lovers away
With a shoe tied for luck to his tail.

When the king and old Crusty o'er mugs of good musty
Had settled affairs to their taste,
To a herald outside they called: "Bring the bride !"
And the fellow departed in haste

Then rage rent the air when they found that the pair
Of true lovers had vanished from sight
And a great search began, while Dingbats to a man
All prepared then to follow the flight

And so on for days thro' devious ways
O'er mountains, thro' valley and glen;
At a furious pace led Crusty the chase
Just wait till I get her again !"

But bravely old Bey kept plodding aw
Tho' foot sore and weary, until
With a threatening note from many a throat
Their pursuers swept o'er the last hill

(To be continued)

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

Lest We Forget

ONE of the English illustrated periodicals recently issued a "Lest We Forget" number devoted to photographs and word pictures of the devastating work of the Hun. The object of the issue was to keep fresh in the minds of readers the terrible indictment against the German military authorities and soldiers

The Manchester *Guardian* prints an almost incredible dispatch from its correspondent at the front, in which he says:

"I should like to put on record in more deliberate detail than was possible in hurried telegrams written at the end of long and laborious journeys the naked facts of the German evacuation of French towns and villages. I have traversed many blasted villages, and have spent almost leisurely hours in Peronne. With such opportunities it is not difficult to tell how much of the ruin has been wrought by shell, mine, or fire, or by army house-breakers. Calculated brutality, scientific evisceration, cannot cloak themselves under the guise of acts of war. The facts are these:

"As soon as the inhabitants were driven off and sent behind the great fortified line of which the German papers boast, all that was worth having was carted off and all the rest destroyed. The manner of destruction varied with the thing to be destroyed. In Peronne are many fine trees planted for ornament. The German military authorities, probably from lack of labor, could not cart them away, could not even spend time in felling them. So instructions were given to hack every tree as a hedge-layer cuts hedge-stakes —just deep enough to insure the death of the tree. So the German left 'his mark'—a V-shaped convict's mark cut half-way through each trunk of the avenue. Fruit-trees are more carefully severed than ornamental trees, and especial care has been taken to destroy competely the *espaliers* and prettily trained fruit-trees in which French gardeners take special and peculiar delight. I do not know why but the sight of these little fruit-trees with their throats cut filled me with more trenchant rage against the German mind than all the rest of the havoc."

"Here was a long mirror hung against the wall. It was shivered by means of a hammer, still lying on the floor. Here was a cabinet with shallow shelves, each of which had been hacked by some blunt instrument. Here again was a Renaissance mantelpiece, finely cut and designed in marble. It had been battered out of shape and pattern by the blunt side of an ax. A certain number of books had been left in a fine library, but the greater number were thrown about the floor and wantonly torn and fouled. No pictures were left intact, no single table or chair or piece of crockery."

What Moving a Million Soldiers Means

COMING directly after the strain of the abnormal traffic of Labor Day, the American railroads will be called upon to transport a million soldiers from 3,800 cities and towns to the sixteen mobilization camps in different sections of the country. The elaborate plans to successfully carry out this movement of troops, as told by Truman Cross in *The Boston Transcript*, reveal a new feat in army organization. Ordinarily, he says, the school child is the main annual transportation problem of steam railroads throughout the country—he must get back home with his family around Labor Day. The next chief tax on railway managers and train despatchers is the day before the Fourth. Now, by grace of the far-flung fighting front for liberty and democracy, the railroads, some lately financially handicapped, some lately in bankruptcy, some lately run in obscuration of their character as public service institutions—now, under centralized control, with practical operators in patriotic direction, they are all to show what they can do when it comes to the high pass of war for the safety of the things modern peoples treasure. Labor Day this year falls on Sept. 3—so the school child who has to be returned to his school opening must be accommodated in the midst of his imperative rival, the soldier, who, bound for "over there"—must be started toward cantonments Sept. 5.

It will be the greatest task American railroads have had to meet. [illegible] have got to transport in short [illegible] million soldiers from 3,800 [illegible] distant cantonments. [illegible] reason of embargoes on certain [illegible] dropping of tourist and fancy pa[illegible] trains, cooperation for the [illegible] interchanging and so [illegible] wasteful number of idle car[illegible] and able. Just for the mo[illegible] food products alone the [illegible] railway war board contrived t[illegible] of 21,000 extra freight cars (in t[illegible] two months 100,000 cars) that in usual competitive times ha[illegible] recorded as "idle" because they [illegible] ed to various owners and [illegible] be returned over far dis[illegible] a spendthrift waste of pow[illegible] labor. It is reasonable to [illegible] what railway operators are e[illegible] ing in the way of economies [illegible] day later display itself in [illegible] dividends to the people in [illegible] food, shelter and travel, [illegible] upon railroad investment. The lesson regarding what can be done with [illegible] plant if it is run strictly as a pla[illegible] perform what it was publicly char[illegible] to perform will surely last lo[illegible] the practical operators who [illegible] ing railroads for national defence [illegible] less than in the individual [illegible] will stick and make different [illegible] civic future and bear on the fac[illegible] democracies are not dubs in [illegible]

Half a hundred traffic [illegible] twenty-eight railway executives [illegible] railway board of the Council of [illegible] tional Defence, the War De[illegible] and General Crowder have been [illegible] ing since April on the plan for [illegible] railway facilities serve national [illegible] and yet continue ordinary traf[illegible] serve private purpose. Moving first third of the National Army [illegible] require 18,687 cars and 1098 l[illegible] tives. There will be 1098 trai[illegible] approximately 16 cars movi[illegible] troops over 176 different [illegible] This will require 2.1 per cent. of [illegible] motives in the country and 12.6 pe[illegible] cent. of passenger cars. Day coache[illegible] will be used for the soldiers, with po[illegible] sibly a few Pullmans for officers a[illegible] members of local boards. There w[illegible] be no haul longer than twelve hours. A railway expert will be assigned [illegible]

every local board with whom the boards will devise the scheme of mobilization. Motor trucks must be used and no discrimination between road made. Traffic shall be divided equally between parallel systems. In some districts will necessitate [illegible] trips of forty miles. Large [illegible] of food will be prepared at points where troop trains may stop.

Fares charged the Government will be [illegible] and based on cost plus [illegible] rates to be approved by the Commerce Commission. Most [illegible] will fall on Sept. 3 and 4. On Sept. 5 local boards will [illegible] for the [illegible] mobilization. In some districts men will have to travel several miles to board headquarters. It is expected it will take two days for the [illegible] to be made ready. Baggage cars and trains will be provided. Routes and time of departure will be kept secret—except that it is allowed to be known that the mobilization will not be ended before Sept. 18. Meanwhile the railways have arranged for the "back home" movement and Labor Day and the uninterrupted movement of shipment of materials bearing the following inscriptions: United States Government, United States Army Supplies, United States Navy, United States Shipping Board.

There are sixteen army cantonments and sixteen guard camps. All the material for the cantonments will take about 64,000 freight cars. The camps will require about 40,000 carloads, all of which must be moved promptly and without delay in any way the usual traffic. As a safeguard against delay [illegible] experienced railroad man has been [illegible] as general agent at each cantonment to work in connection with the [illegible] construction quartermaster there. These agents will make daily reports on the number of carloads of material received, the number of cars unloaded and the number left on hand for unloading.

Within thirty days from the date that the Government placed its first orders for cantonment materials, the railroads had delivered more than 12,000 carloads of lumber and other building supplies to the sixteen National [illegible] cantonments that are to house the first division of men called to the colors by the draft. Additional [illegible] to capacity with lumber, [illegible] piping, wires, poles, water mains and other materials needed to construct cities capable of accommodating 30,000 inhabitants, are arriving daily.

The Railway War Board announces:

"An indication of the speed with which materials are being moved is [illegible] the [illegible] Louisville, Ky., administration buildings there were built from lumber cut in a Mississippi pine forest the week before. The trees were felled on Saturday, kiln dried on Sunday, loaded on freight cars Monday and delivered at the Louisville site on Wednesday morning. An army of energetic carpenters completed the transformation from forest to Government building just one week from the day the trees had been felled.

"Four of the biggest cantonments report that up to Aug. 1 the following quantities of material were delivered:

"Ayer, Mass.—Lumber, 807 carloads; other materials, 532; total, 1339.

Louisville, Ky.—Lumber, 1083 carloads; other materials, 149; total, 1232.

"Petersburg, Va.—Lumber, 965 carloads; other materials, 431; total, 1396.

"Fort Sam Houston, Texas—Lumber 934 carloads; other materials, 612; total, 1546.

"To connect the cantonments with the nearest railroad line, and to supply facilities for the local movement of materials during the construction work, many miles of extra trackage have been laid at each site at the expense of the railroads.

"The chief desire of both the Government and the War Board is to expedite the movement of all the Government supplies that are needed so vitally for the proper conduct of the war. If any shippers are unpatriotic enough to attempt to make improper use of the cars delivered to them for Government business, investigation will follow promptly.

America's Response.

THAT Americans have responded in large numbers to the call for volunteers is proven by a recent official Bulletin showing that the United States had on August 18, 943,141 men in its armed forces—all volunteers. 710,024 are in the Army and National Guard and the Naval strength is 233,117. The Bulletin continues: "Since the declaration of war, approximately 1,300,000 men have offered themselves for service in the fighting forces of the country. During the time this country has been a belligerent 121,514 men have volunteered for service in the Navy and Marine Corps and been accepted. In the Regular Army the increase since April 1 by volunteer enlistment has been 190,347, and in the National Guard 136,998, a total of 327,345 enlistments in the Army branches, and a grand total of 448,859 in both Army and Navy. Even this figure does not include all who have been accepted for service since the United States entered the war, for there have been additions to the various reserve corps, but these figures are not all available. The largest single item is that of the 27,341 men recently commissioned from the officers' [illegible]

"These figures were gathered from the most recent official returns of the Army and Navy which are available but, especially in the case of the Army figures, accuracy down to the last unit is not possible.

"The land forces are as follows:

	Officers.	Enlisted men.
Regular Army	6,700	298,986
National Guard	11,000	300,000
Reserve Corps	10,500	55,487
Reserve Corps (from training camps)	27 41	
Totals	[illegible]	[illegible] 11
Total land forces		710,024

The sea forces are as follows:

Regular Navy, enlisted men	138,560
Naval Reserves, enlisted men	35,000
Naval Militia in Federal Service, enlisted men	11,000
Hospital Corps, Regular Navy, enlisted men	6,000
Hospital Corps, Naval Reserves, enlisted men	400
Marine Corps, officers and enlisted [illegible]	33,117
[illegible]	224,077
Approximate number of naval officers	9,040
	233,117

The total forces are:

Land forces	710,024
Sea forces	233,117
Total forces	943,141

The enlistments since the declaration of war (in the case of the Army since Apr. 1) are as follows

Regular Navy	[illegible]
Naval Reserve forces	[illegible]
Hospital Corps	4,400
National Naval Volunteers	1,500
Marine Corps	16,734
Total Naval forces	121,514
Regular Army	[illegible]
National Guard	[illegible]
Total land forces	[illegible]
Grand total	448,859

"The total of those who have offered themselves for service is obtained by adding to the total enlistment the number who offered but were rejected and the number of those who applied for admission to the first and second officers' training camps."

The Work of the Airmen.

NO branch of the military service has undergone such remarkable development and expansion as the Royal Flying Corps. Authorities agree that if the advance in the year to come is anything like the rate of growth during the past two years, by the end of 1918 planes by the tens of thousands, with extraordinary capacities for speed to climb and attack will harass troops, destroy factories and strongholds, and bring consternation to civilian populations. No small share of the contribution of the United States to the work of the Allies will be the manufacture of

aeroplanes in great quantities and the training of men to operate them. The activities of the airman are increasing daily, and whereas in 1914 his work was rudimentary and limited, it now includes a wide range of duties. In the August Blackwood's Magazine, a pilot of the R. F. C. gives a vivid picture of the vastness of the aerial effort on the British Front in France by describing the work performed on a typical "big push" day. He says

"Throughout the night preceding an advance, several parties, laden with heavy bombs, steer by compass to Hun headquarters or other objectives, and return no longer laden with bombs. The first streak of daylight is the herald of an exodus from west to east of many score fighting craft. These cross the lines, hover among the Archie bursts, and drive back or down all black-crossed strangers within sight. Some of them go farther afield and attack the Boche above his own aerodromes. Such enemy craft as manage to take the air without meeting trouble from the advanced offensive patrols are tackled by the scouts near the lines. The few that travel still farther eastward with the intention of swooping on our observation machines, or of themselves gathering information, receive a hearty welcome from our defensive patrols. The British two-seaters are thus free to direct the artillery, link the attacking infantry with head-quarters, and spy out the land. As soon as the early morning light allows, a host of planes will be darting backward and forward over the trench-line as they guide the terrific bombardment preliminary to an attack. Other machines are searching for new emplacements and signs of preparation behind the enemy trenches. Several formations carry out tactical reconnaissances around an area stretching from the lines to a radius twenty miles east of them, and further parties perform strategic reconnaissance by covering the railways, roads, and canals that link the actual front with bases thirty to ninety miles behind it. When, at a scheduled time, the infantry emerge over the top behind a curtain of shells, the contact patrol buses follow their doings, inform the gunners of any necessary modifications in the barrage, or of some troublesome nest of machine-guns, note the positions held by the attackers, collect signals from the battalion headquarters, and by means of message bags dropped over brigade headquarters report progress to the staff. If, later, a further advance be made the low-flying contact machines again play their part of mothering the infantry. Machines fitted with cameras photograph every inch of the defenses improvised by the enemy, and, as insurance against being caught unprepared by a counter-attack, an immediate warning of whatever movement is in evidence on the lines of communication will be supplied by the reconnaissance observers. Under the direction of artillery squadrons the guns pound the new Boche front line and range on troublesome batteries. The bombing craft are responsible for onslaughts on railways, supply depots, garrison towns, headquarters, aerodromes, and chance targets. Other guerilla work is done by craft that, from a height of anything under a thousand feet, machine-gun whatever worth-while objects they spot. A column of troops on the march, transport, ammunition wagons, a train, a stray motor-car—all these are greeted joyfully by the pilots who specialise in ground stunts. And at every hour of daylight the scouts and fighting two-seaters protect the remainder of the R. F. C. by engaging all Huns who take to the air. Doubtless, when sunset has brought the roving birds back to their nests, there will be a few "missing"; but this is part of the day's work, and is a small enough sacrifice for the general achievement—the staff supplied with quick and accurate information, a hundred or two Boche batteries silenced, important works destroyed, enemy communications impeded, a dozen or so black-crossed aeroplanes brought down, valuable photographs and reports obtained, and the ground-Hun of every species harried. "The German Flying Coprs cannot claim to perform anything like the same amount of aerial observation as its British counterpart. It is mainly occupied in fighting air battles and hampering the foreign machines that spy on their army. To say that the German machines are barred altogether from reconnaissance and artillery direction would be exaggeration, but not wild exggeration. Seldom can an enemy plane call and correct artillery fire for longer than half an hour. From time to time a fast machine makes a reconnaissance tour at a great height, and from time to time others dart across the lines for photography, or to search for gun positions. An appreciable proportion of these do not return. Four-fifths of the Hun bomb-raids behind our front take place at night-time, when comparative freedom from attack is balanced by the impossibility of accurate aim. Apart from these spasmodic activities, the German pilots concern themselves entirely with attempts to prevent allied observation. They have never yet succeeded, even during the periods of their nearest approach to the so-called "mastery of the air," and probably they never will succeed. The advantages attendant upon a maintenance of thorough observation, while whittling down the enemy's to a minimum, cannot be over-estimated."

America's Position

IAN HAY writing in the London *Weekly Times* under the general title *The New American* gives a most interesting discussion of the question so often asked by the British "Why did America stay out of the war so long," Mr. Hay says:

Twelve months ago the average American could see no particular reason for joining in the war. To-day he is in it. Why?

Roughly speaking, countries (and individuals) fight for one of four reasons. They may fight from a lust of conquest, or because their interests are actually in danger, or because the provocation received is so severe that self-respect renders a further passive attitude impossible, or—and this is what can raise war from the level of the abattoir to the level of the crusade—because a great principle is at stake.

Until recently none of the first three propositions made any great appeal to America as a whole. In the first place, to a peace-loving people inhabiting a "God' own country" already a war of aggression was superfluous and unthinkable. Nor was it apparent to America as a whole that American liberties were in danger. To the Missourian farmer there appeared to be not the remotest relation between his own tranquil and prosperous existence and the fact that the British Navy was abroad on the high seas. Again, the issue for which the Allies were fighting—the great principle at stake, the principle upon which the American Constitution itself is founded—had been so clouded and distorted by the arts of Bernstorff and his press gang, that America in general inclined to the view that there was a good deal to be said on both sides, and that John Bull in particular was not in the habit of indulging in war simply for exercise. Lastly, although national pride had been stung to the quick by the Lusitania outrage, the German propagandists were able to point out with perfect truth that those who perished in the Lusitania had been officially "warned" before going on board. This astonishing piece of impudence imposed upon a number of stay-at-home Americans into a hazy belief that if neutrals are foolish enough to travel on belligerent ships they render themselves justly liable to instant assassination. German propaganda also insisted on the fact that the British blockade was interfering with neutral rights, and actually succeeded in many cases in creating an impression that there is no moral difference between taking life and taking property.

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POWER—In the Studebaker FOUR at $1375 the owner is sure of full forty horse-power and in the Studebaker six at $1685 full fifty horse-power—with plenty of reserve power for all the exigencies of crowded traffic, steep hills and rough, heavy roads

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ECONOMY—Lightness of weight and perfect balance make Studebaker cars unusually economical in tire expense. They are economical to operate because their splendid quality reduces maintenance costs to a minimum. In ratio to power they are probably the most economical cars on the Canadian market in their consumption of gasoline

FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS

FOUR Roadster	$1375
FOUR Touring Car	1375
FOUR Landau Roadster	1635
FOUR Every-Weather Car	1675

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville.

STUDEBAKER

WALKERVILLE, - ONTARIO

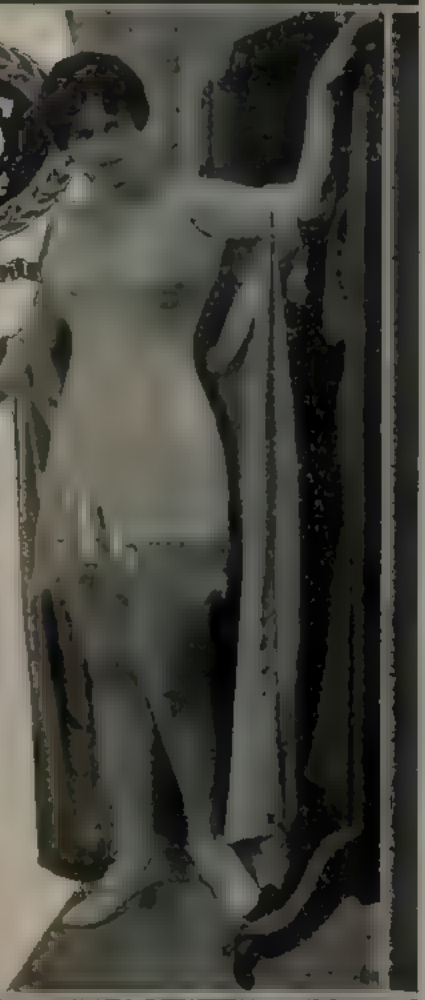
SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

SIX Roadster	$1685
SIX Touring Car	1685
SIX Landau Roadster	1900
SIX Touring Sedan	2345
SIX Coupe	2310
SIX Limousine	3430

All Price F. O. B. Walkerville

Corsets that Lace in Front

Goddess
Laced in Front



Goddess Corset

¶The *Goddess* Corset shown here is suggestive of how all *Goddess* Corsets fit.

¶The *Goddess* is ultra-fashionable and scientifically constructed to mould the figure symmetrically and comfortably.

¶Fitted on perfect living models by expert corsetieres *Goddess* Corsets are the complete expression of perfect corsetry

Corsets that Lace in Front

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CANADA MONTHLY

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Circulation
Promotion
Department.

That, a year ago, was the gener attitude of the American proletariat t wards the four fundamental cau which may bring a nation into wa To the British people, face to face w the grim realities of the struggle th attitude was absolutely unintelligibl With little opportunity, and less leisur to study or consider the variegate local conditions in America's 48 State all that the average Englishman sa across the sea was a people whic "came not forward in the day battle"—a people which, not being f us, was against us—led by a Presider who demanded satisfaction for Germa insults solely through the medium futile correspondence. Perhaps tha was a severe attitude, but the averag Englishman may be forgiven for adop ing it, because it was the attitude of very large and very important sectio of the American people as well. Ha things may have been said abo America in France, and Great Britai and Canada during the first two yea of the war, but they are benediction

Continued on page 291.

The Soloist of Centre Pon

Continued from page 251.

"I had suthin't' tell ye but I can' I'm all dammed up, here. I've got t lay down."

In a minute Grimshaw appeared, ar seeing Uncle Peel, backed out and r tired, hastily, as if he had forgotte something

"I've had enough of him," he said t me in confidence after supper. "H kept dodging around. I couldn't unde stand him. By and by I couldn't mak him speak loud enough. 'Then he go mad and shook his fist in my face."

They say that Uncle Peel always ha a weak voice after that, which wa good for his wife and garden I doub nor. When I saw him again he wa different. There was a new note in h voice—a note of tenderness—and h hadn't so much to say. Slowly h came out of the potato patch and sa down beside me and told of the los of his wife

"Never ketched her breath, ne guggled, ner nahthin," he explained "It was jes like goin' t' sleep—ay uh I says, 'Why, ma, don' ye know me?' says, but she only shet her eyes an went t' sleep

I tried to think of some word of com fort, but he got up and went into th kitchen

By and by I tried to rally him.

"Uncle Peel, you don't have muc to say these days," I remarked.

"I'm so busy thinkin' seems so don't have no time t' talk these days, he said as he returned to his task.

Teaing It Out of Dingley

Continued from page 280.

"Hello!" Called Bert Leary from his African Dodger booth "what's all the grouch about?"

"Everything," growled Dick

He noticed that Leary had no stock of baseballs spread on the board upon which he sat, that he looked more as though he was packed for moving than prepared for a rushing business, and he knew before asking what calamity had befallen the proprietor of the African Dodger.

Bert was only too ready to pour his troubles into a listening ear.

"Look at me," he invited with arms outspread, "all fixed an' waitin' fer the rubes, when that nigger goes to sleep behind the curtain. . . kerwollop comes a ball, and soaks him on the coco. An' whatd'ye think? he blames me—*me*!"

He beat himself tragically on the chest

Dick looked from the yawning hole to the crowds which were swarming into the Grounds, and his hand stole surreptitiously to his pocket. He sighed

"What'll ye gimme to stop them balls, Bert?" he asked

Mr. Leary quibbled slightly when he asserted that he gave the damaged Sam but thirty per cent. of the earnings.

"Taint good enough," said Dick, who was astute in his own little way.

There was a moment's deadlock while they took one another's measure, then Bert offered half.

"It's a rotten hold-up, Dick an' yoh know it, but I shore needs the money, An' fer Gawd's sake, hustle!"

Dick found a cork without any trouble. He next repaired to the tent of Madame Zuelle, the World's Greatest Palmist, and borrowing her mirror, he transformed himself into quite a creditable coon.

"Min' yer pore ol' coco," cautioned the "mit reader," who in private life was known as Maggie O'Flynn. "I'd hate to see yer brains oozin' outen them curly locks. Here's hopin'."

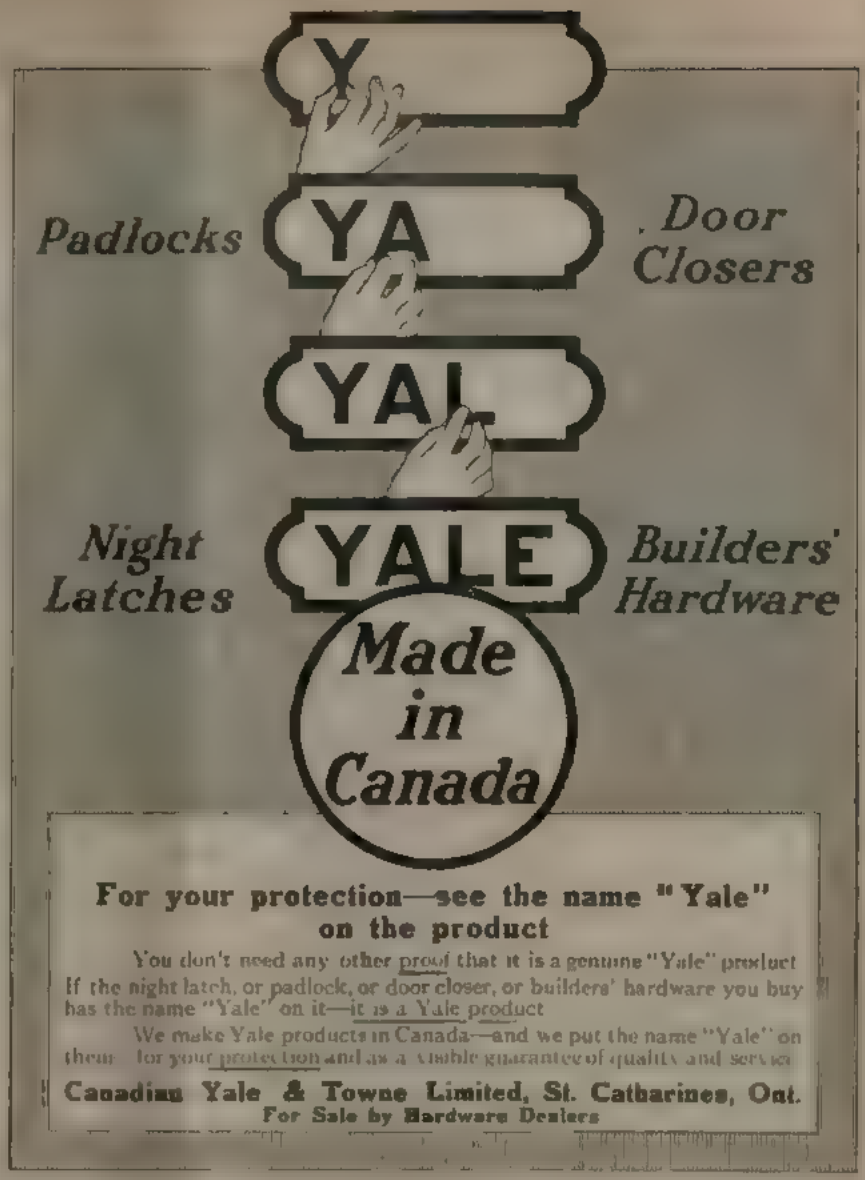
She waved him a c[illegible]dieu and followed two blushing m[illegible]dens into her tent

Dick, in passing, made a raid upon the stables of the Wild West Show He stole an ear of corn from a patient, sad-eyed old horse, and shelled it as he ran back to the Dodger's booth The grains he put into his right hand coat pocket, and the cob he threw away

"I gotta keep tab on the ol' skate," he muttered.

Bert had already commenced his spiel and had attracted quite a crowd by the time his new dodger arrived

"All ready, Sam?" he called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Padlocks
YA
Door Closers
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"Yas sir," answered Dick, ducking behind the curtain

In another moment, girded in the shield, or head piece, which still bore evidences of the real Sam's contusions, he thrust his head through the opening, whooped loud and long, and wagged a red tongue at the crowd.

This piece of witty impertinence aroused in the rustics a fever of blood-thirsty desire.

"Leave me at 'im," cried one.

"No, me first," urged another.

Wap. . . Wap. . . the balls flew wide of the mark and made flat noises against the canvas.

"Yuh nearly nailed him that time," Bert spoke with encouragement if untruthfulness. "Aw, don't be a quitter. . Show 'em how it can be done. Steady, now. . That's the way. . Closer than ever. Here, try agin. . . on'y three balls fer a nickle. . ."

For every three balls sold, Dick transferred a grain of corn from his right hand pocket, to his left; even an experienced Dodger would have thought him a marvel had he accomplished his double duties successfully. But Dick was not a good Dodger, and his fiasco came sooner than Bert expected. A moment of abstraction caught him just as Abe Collins, the Pride of the Diamond, tried his hand at the game.

Abe lifted a ball and moistened the palms of his hands; then he strained backward, raised his foot from the ground with a fascinating contortion of his body, and let it fly with all the venom he would have shown toward Pykesville's crack batter.

Dick's attention, as has been hinted was centred upon his grains of corn. He was counting those in his left pocket at the moment. Suddenly, a thunderbolt descended upon his head, there was a loud report and the heavens opened to shower him with a million variegated sparks.

"Well, if that don't beat hell!" observed the unsympathetic proprietor of the joint, poking his head through the opening and gazing at Dick's prostrate form. "Why in blazes can't they mind their business?"

And Abe Collins' fame spread another twenty miles. He was pointed out as the pitcher who had laid out ten niggers at the Dingley Fair, with as many baseballs. Hand running, too!

Naturally, Dick was not attuned to the mood of his partner when Bill tried to get the story of the tight-wad farmer out of his system. He slouched on a box outside of the cattle building and held his splitting head in his hands, confessed himself beaten and hinted at suicide. But defeat was a word unknown to William Forrest; he struck his fist upon his knee.

"Say, Dick," he cried, "this here's a dry town, aint it? Dont say a word, Bo. . . I gotta idee. . . dry town. . ."

It was. Through the assiduous efforts of the W. C. T. U., Dingley had gone dry at the spring election, and the barmen had been given six months to close their green baize doors. It was hard on them that the six months should have expired just a week before Fair time, but it was a corking piece of luck for the fellow who had "juice privileges" on the Grounds. He sold soft drinks at such a rate, that his pile, at the end of the week, would have eclipsed Nelson's Monument leaning up against it

"A—dry—town," Bill whispered to himself. "Take it from me, Dick, our fortune's 's good as made"

"Yuh said we was goin' to make it at the 'sheet'," began the partner, "an' I had a fine spiel—"

But Bill cut in.

"Never mind that, now. You hustle round an' gather up every las' whiskey bottle yuh can find. If yuh can't find many, go an' buy some. But there's plenty layin' round loose if yuh keep them black eyes peeled! Don't overlook none, Dick, and hustle!"

Grumbling, Dick obeyed. Midnight found the partners with about a hundred empty flasks, and these they washed and polished and fitted with some brand new corks Bill had bought. The reader will be pained to learn that on the following morning they polluted the morals of a very youthful gentleman of African ancestry, and bribed him to steal a bundle of labels from the poor but honest chemist for whom he worked. They promised him innumerable rides on the Merry-go-round and entrance into an even dozen side shows. He was to mention the mystic word, "Gumslogger," and immediately, he would be recognized as belonging to the inner circle

This decadent youth presented himself at the Grounds early in the afternoon, only to discover that he had forgotten his password, and he was treated with such cavalier in hospitality that. . . But then G'oge belongs to another story.

Bottles and labels prepared, Bill sallied forth on a shopping expedition, returning to Maggie O'Flynn's tent with a package of black tea. Brewing tea was one of the best things Bill did; its flavor was excellent, for any one who liked it, and its color beyond criticism. Brewed then to perfection, Dick filled the empty flasks, stuck on the labels and passed them over to his partner who inscribed upon them in neat black characters, the words

COLD TEA.

From Maggie the two men borrowed a pinch of rouge and applied it artistically to their noses, after which they sought out Hank Barlow, the Wild West

Showman. Hank was always sure to have a black bottle somewhere about his person, and for a consideration both Bill and Dick took a long pull therefrom. Satisfied at last that no stone in the road of their success had been left unturned, Mr. Forrest and his pal, once more set forth at opposite ends of the Grounds.

Their method was childishly simple; no spiel was required. It was merely necessary to stand quite close to a likely-looking farmer, cough slightly in his face, and having attracted his attention, to ask with a drooping eyelid, whether or not he was prepared to buy a bottle of Cold Tea. He was exceptionally well prepared. He was shown the label, he was winked at and prodded in the ribs. Then he was allowed to retire with his bottle, (for which he exchanged seventy five cents), to a clump of bushes and satisfy his craving for that mild but cooling beverage. He usually emerged from the clump of bushes, red of face and wild of eye. He usually looked vainly for the man who had sold him a bottle of excellent Cold Tea, but failing to find him, he would slyly disclose his purchase to a friend, refusing to share the contents of it but ready to furnish a description of the vendor.

"Watch for the feller with the red nose," he would darkly whisper

Thus, with half the community trying to put one over on the other half, it did not take long for the partners to dispose of their supply. Never did they see the close of a day with greater satisfaction; there was something strangely righteous in the peaceful slumbering of their consciences. They had not bled the town for subscriptions for a paper which, as far as they knew did not even exist; they had not scattered an epidemic of bleeding chins and cheeks throughout Dingley. They had merely sold what they claimed to sell—Cold Tea.

And that night they took a limited freight for the South arguing like the old Scotchman, that "a good run is better than a bad battle."

Should, however, you go to Dingley, and should you feel disposed to take the advice of one who has blundered—and suffered. . . . you will refrain from opening the subject of Cold Tea!

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 282.

"The waning night lingers at my doors, let her take her leave in songs.

"Pour your heart into my life strings, my Master, in tunes that descend from your stars."

Had he not learned love and courage; through suffering, would he have written, "Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain, but for the heart to conquer it?"

Some people—a very few chosen spirits—seem to have been *born* with a miraculous sympathy; but most of us, it seems, cannot sympathize with sorrow, the like of which we have not experienced. It makes Tagore more one with us who love him, that he is of the many—and so, that he may sing songs of comfort, he does not pray that the cup of sorrow be with-held. Rather, he glories that God left him, "empty handed in the dust, to create Heaven!" Then he writes, joyfully with the exaltation of the poet whose dreams have brought tangible comfort and joy to a world crying out for beauty, "The harvest of my life ripens in the sun and shower, till I reap more than you sowed, gladdening Your heart, O Master of the golden granary."

I would like to go on for hours, sharing with you, as I did with Friend Artist to-day, the precious dreams of my Indian Poet Friend, Tagore; but it can't be done! So before I pass on, I will leave with you a beautiful verse that is universal because it expresses what life has taught us—what death has confirmed for those dear to us.

"If the Deathless dwell not in the heart of death,
"If glad wisdom bloom not bursting the sheath of sorrow,
"If sun do not die of its own revealment,
"If pride break not under its load of decorations,
"Then whence comes the hope that drives these men from their homes, like stars rushing to their death in the morning light?
"Shall the value of the martyrs' blood and mothers' tears be utterly lost in the dust of the earth, not buying Heaven with their price?
"And when Man bursts his mortal bound [illegible] not the Boundless revealed that moment?"

When we consider the large number of clever "character actresses" in America, we are wary of saying that any individual actress is the greatest of them all; but when a young and beautiful leading-woman "stars" in the part of an old Irish psychic person, runs the whole gamut of human emotions in an evening's performance, with so convincing an art that audiences of "old men and maidens, young men and children"—to say nothing of old ladies and middle-aged persons of both sexes—are carried away, and off their feet, by the genius of her acting; we may perhaps be forgiven for giving expression to the opinion that the actress is almost in a class by herself!

Last November, Margaret Wycher-

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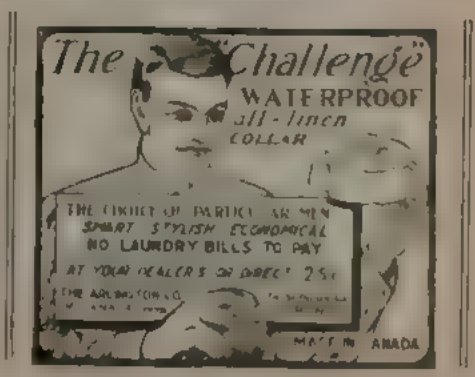

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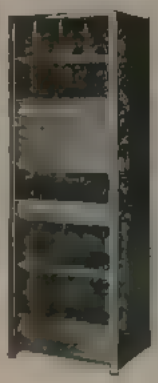

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ley opened in "The Thirteenth Chair," at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre, New York. After ten months she is still playing to S. R. O. houses, and it looks very much as if the "New York: Indefinite" sign will "stay put" on the call board for sometime to come!

The problem of playing such a part would be bewildering to most actresses—and particularly we might think, to one whose greatest successes have been in such parts as "Light" in "The Blue Bird"; but Miss Wycherly is an actress who "knows her business"—to use stage slang—and a true lover of art looks upon her performance with the same appreciation that is inspired by a beautiful musical composition, or a perfect picture—perhaps with even greater satisfaction, for acting is the most human of all the arts, and has not only an intellectual and artistic appeal, but stirs the most unemotional person to a deeper human sympathy.

"A perfect picture"—perhaps the term describes best Margaret Wycherly's characterization of Rosalie La Grange. In the accompanying picture one sees the humor of Irish eyes, dominated by the fear that is ever-present in the heart of the poor old psychic who cheats, and is terribly afraid of being found out. Through all the comedy there is a pathos that wrings one's heart, a something in the eyes, dim old eyes, that pleads childishly: "Please laugh; I am trying so hard to amuse you."

Rosalie La Grange lost her psychic power, because when she wanted to be "took with a trance" she couldn't sometimes do it—so she just naturally gave the best imitation she knew how. After a time, she couldn't "see visions and dream dreams" any more; and because she had to live, and bring up her little daughter, she kept on cheating. But she was not naturally a cheat, and the knowledge that she had made something untrue of her life plunged her soul into outer darkness. Back of her laughter, and her heroism, there is always a suggestion of unshed, frightened tears. She is a sinful old woman, with the heart of a grieving child—and children cry in the dark.

Margaret Wycherly sings the song of Rosalie La Grange in a minor key—it touches the heart like an old Irish Lament! She paints her picture in shadow. She makes dramatists of us all. Each individual plots anxiously to solve her problem, forgetful of the fact that Bayard Veiller has done so already. The most blase art-for-technique's-sake critic forgets the perfection of the acting in a passionate sympathy for the living, breathing, suffering old Irish woman before his eyes.

"Art that conceals art!" It is the [illegible] Margaret Wycherly is a [illegible]

Our allies across the border seem to be learning by experiment the ungentle art of making things happen. Perhaps they are only artisans yet, but they will be artists when they have learned to do, by doing!

Wilson started the ball rolling; and it is rolling in the right direction, and gaining impetus as it rushes on. Here's hoping that it will crush many enemies of democracy, on its headlong career.

Representative Americans no [illegible] preach that mutual candor and understanding between nations can be the greatest self-defence of nations. They know that friendship between countries, as between men, must be based upon mutual respect. The most pacific citizen of the U. S. A. cannot, in his heart, honor the Kaiser and his mob of butchers.

The power and efficiency of Germany's Hymn of Hate has made their "all-men-are-brothers" song sound weak, and out of tune in the chorus of nations.

However, we must admit that there was always something negative in American neutrality, and their militancy is a very positive thing. The former was comparable, perhaps, to a mother's fear that her son would enlist; the latter, to her unbounded pride when she looked upon his Khaki-clad boyish figure.

Just a word to the women who are tired of knitting:- I had a letter t'other day from a laddie in the trenches. It said: "Are Canadian women forgetting us? We used to have enough socks. Now we wear the same socks until there are no feet left in them. No-one who has not experienced it can begin to realize what long [illegible] mean, in holey socks, with nary a change, even when our feet are soaking wet. *Was gray knitting a fad that has passed?* Isn't it enough that we must suffer the miseries of war, without such smaller hardships? And with it all, the feeling that Canadian women don't care—have forgotten us—have grown used to the war? I can tell you that we don't get used to it. It goes on and on, in a never-ending fight, not only with the Germans, but with our own weariness and homesickness. I guess I'm blue, tonight—so forgive the unmanly wail; but you see,—the thoughts of Canada's women—expressed in their unceasing work for us—used to be such an inspiration. It's just about heart-breaking to us fellows to have the realization forced on us that they have forgotten we're fighting for them."

The Light in Her Eyes

Continued from page 272.

lose something in you that has made you regard individual human suffering or death as of great importance in comparison with great projects. And in place of that tenderness you are made, if there's any stuff in you to make it out of, a man. Beyond that——"

"Beyond that?" she asked, a little breathlessly.

"Well," he said, with perfectly sincere grimness, "a brute of an army nurse pounded me a little and flung me down on my unhealed wound because I bothered him. I have learned that it does not pay ever to be the under dog!"

He rose, and she knew that the queer interview which had carried her through more untried emotions than any other talk of her life, was almost at an end. A craving for something to make him stay, disappointment that they should end with such a brutal touch, a clutching after further revelation, possessed her. The talk—like the man himself—[illegible] so incomplete, so garbled.

"But Smith," she said desperately. "Smith's devotion was, at least, as real as the brutality of the army nurse that struck you. Why don't you put the emphasis there? What have you done with him?"

"Smith died last month," he said casually. "The D. T.'s got him. I tried to hold him out of the gutter—it was a great thing for him to have me to [illegible]tter over. But as soon as I got well, he had lost his occupation, and there was no holding him in——"

The girl felt indignation at the indifference of his tone

"How can you speak so?" she said. "The man loved you!"

Harthen dismissed the matter.

"I staid by him and tried to help. I owed him that. But when the whiskey has them, nothing will do them any good but a fight. Wrecks like that are ordained fighting men. But there isn't any war now, so Smith went down before his appetites instead of before the guns, where he might have done more good. I tell you, Miss Halstead, there isn't any other thing in the world that brings out all the big hardy virtues but war!"

He turned to go. With her hand on the bell, she knew that she must keep him. A tumult of something had arisen that told her—chokingly—that there was something more that must come. It was only an instant, but it seemed to her an eternity, that Harthen regarded her, with his exasperating air of duty done, his cool impersonal gray eyes on hers.

"He shall not go," she thought desperately. And before she could have time for another thought, or knew what she was doing, she had raised her eyes and given him—what she had never done deliberately to any man before—a long, deep, challenging glance out of the depths of her woman's being

Harthen stood still. It seemed to her that he had given a start. Her hand fell away from the bell, leaving a half-choked tinkle. He narrowed his eyes, a sudden mood had shot into them that made them almost black Then he opened them—wide, and they blazed on her.

"Good Lord!" he said in a voice of hushed, significant wonder. "What a beautiful woman you are!"

She had not time to realize the utter brutal honesty of his surprise. She had clutched at her heart for awe. It was coming—the something wonderful, terrifying, before which she shook with longing, and shuddered with fear. Kerby appeared. With all her training she couldn't say a word. It was Harthen who took command of her house and her, with a direct and complete sense of possession that left her no recourse but to defend herself with silence that should hide the trembling. He came toward her.

"Send your man away," he commanded her in a low voice. She nodded to Kerby, who slipped out noiselessly, wondering, for all his stiff impassive face. Harthen went on: "I have more to say to you." And again she nodded, unable to speak.

"I think you know there was nothing of—this—" He spoke with entire reliance that she understood— "—when I came to find you. I felt merely that I had to let you see whether I was worth saving. I owed you that. I've never thought much about women, just the puppy idiocies, and—the usual sort of thing. Rum or women, one or both, have done for most of the men I know who have gone under. And I've usually cut them both out. I hadn't a thought of you that way—until a minute ago, and then I knew. I'm going out to an uncertain sort of life. The woman I take out with me may find herself a widow. I'm being sent in all sorts of outlying provinces where they hate anything foreign—don't know there's a government at Pekin and never heard of the United States, and a man has to rely on his wits. Your life may depend on a phrase, and my Chinese isn't much yet. And at the best, it's a rough life, I suppose, after this—" He gave a careless gesture that included all the beautiful bric-a-brac room, candle-luminous and filled with spoils from Sara's whole art-filled life.

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been allowed to follow out most of the extravagant impulses of her ardent nature. Luckily these were usually for others and for all beautiful ideas. But the man before her never questioned. Those things—and what they implied—would have no power to attract hi existing, he could see in them no impediment that could come between. It was herself he wanted, this woman that had suddenly bloomed for him out of gray indifference, the woman supremely desirable, and therefore to be possessed

"I've never thought particularly about marrying—there has been too much to do. But I want you to be my wife. I can give you, at least, a name that's worth something where people know my record, and a life that will have some interest, I should think, for a woman like you—" He questioned her a minute, and when the fire had leaped into her eyes that had made them as martial as his own, he went on, "And—*what* is your name?"—she gave it to him with stiff lips—"Sara—I know you care—I saw it—I want you. Will you come!"

Her eyes were on him. She could not tear them away. He stood before her, a splendid figure, a being of steel and compact energy, magnificently poised and compellingly male. Nothing before had ever dominated her. But this drew, pulled, commanded. She felt herself rising to meet it, she was against his breast—

For an instant she was happy, completely, thrilled to the depths of her being. Then she raised her face and scanned him, with a sort of slow wonder that this man claimed her, come out of space, unknown the moment before. His face had reddened, his arm tightened around her, she was almost breathless, it hurt her. The eyes that fed on her were rapacious, the feeling that had drawn his face out of its control made her almost shudder. The passion in it was more cruel than the cold.

With sick wonder the fairy castle of her dreaming crashed around her. She forced herself back, loosened his grasp, was out of his embrace. His surprise made him yield, half-realizing.

"What's the matter, what has happened?" he demanded, too startled to be furious. "What have I done—are you ill?"

She shook her head and crouched down by the tea-table, her elbows crashing among the cups and saucers, as she hid her face in her trembling hands.

"I don't in the least understand But then I never did understand women—"

There was some contempt in the last word, and his voice was becoming angry. "Does this mean that you have changed your mind, that you

don't care for me after all. If it's so, just say it."

She raised her eyes and looked at him again. His tone was a challenge. And again the wave of utter love and longing swept over her as she saw the power of the whole man as he stood erect. She had met him, the man who had called to her out of a wilderness of nothing, the one being who could liberate the pent-up capacity for loving within her, who could gratify the craving to abase herself, who would be worth losing the world for. She had found him. And she must give him up. *What* was the matter, she wondered. Why couldn't she accept it? She would never meet it again. Why must she give him up? Involuntarily her arms went out to him.

Instantly the puzzled anger went out of his face, and exultation filled it. He came to her.

"It isn't so? You do care. I know you do. You couldn't have pretended——Come to me—Sara——"

Oh, the magic of her name on his lips! It gripped her, shook her with feeling, which, ebbing, left her weak and sore. But she rose and faced him, one hand grasping the table, feeling at bay.

"Yes! Yes, I do love you. I want you to know that. But I will not give myself to you. You can't make me. I *won't*."

He stared at her in silence, while the anger that had possessed him vanished before the sense of something unyielding. His face paled, stiffened again into cool control.

"You say you love me?" he repeated. She nodded. "But you won't marry me? Then you must tell me why—Perhaps you're not free!" he blazed out.

Her tender pity welled up to meet the jealous rage in his face.

"No, no, it's not that. I'm free. I love you. It's not—easy to give you up—" Her face quivered as she realized what his going away meant to her. "It's *killing*." She said it under her breath. "But I can't marry you. It's that you don't feel—Oh, I can't tell you. You wouldn't understand if I did tell you. But it is hopeless. I——"

Again he faced her in silence, scanning her face, the agony of privation in her eyes. There was no doubt of her suffering. Some band around his heart was breaking at the sight of it.

"You love me?" he repeated, wonderingly. "And you are free. Yet you won't marry me? Because, for some reason, you think it would not be right?"

"Yes," she said, and waited.

He turned away from her and stood, thinking. At last he turned on her a face that was fervid with admiration.

"You are plucky," he said. "I tell you, I couldn't do that!"

His recognition gave life to her. She roused herself and stood to face him. The gleaming folds of her gown clung to her and gave the effect of shining armor around her erect figure. She was very tall, and her eyes with their Dinna-glow of spiritual aloofness, could look into his almost from a level. For a moment their looks met, like the silence of two armed forces before the charge has been sounded. Then they clashed and the struggle between the two was on.

Neither wavered. Harthen put all the force of him into the determination to conquer, and Sara answered with a quiet that forbade——

And then, in the silence, a miracle happened. For the flash faded out of the red-brown eyes with the shadows around them of black velvet, and Sara's soul looked forth.

A proud and shy and tender thing it was, that had hidden itself timidly while the gallant woman of her went forth to conquest. Proud as it was, it had lived humbly, companioned by sweet and loving thoughts, and known only by its messengers of gentle deeds. Hidden as it was, it had longed passionately to be known. But no woman, save the mother who had so wonderfully equipped her, guessed it; and to no man had she shown it, until she revealed it to this one. And as he stood, in abeyance before her eyes whose very light was but as the shadow of it—his blindness, made in truth by the very downright honesty of him, was cured. At last he knew her. He looked into her soul and loved.

He bent his head, and with a gentleness that was like the kneeling of a lesser man, his hand groped for hers, and took it into his. He looked at it wonderingly, adoringly, its white sweet-

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O. J. DESBARATS,
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Department of the Naval Service,
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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

ness seemed so strange there in the grim brown hand whose whole life had been to tear down, where hers had been to cherish. The lover carried it to his lips with a halting, awkward movement, and kissed it—his lips had barely touched it before they let it go.

'I am more than sorry that I have—troubled you," he said, and stopped. "I am so sorry that—I suppose—it keeps me from being sorry for myself. But I'll go away now—since you can't—go with me.'

He turned, had walked half the length of the room before she called him. Her words were almost unintelligible, between laughing and crying. But he heard

"Come back—I never could explain—you couldn't understand— But—oh come back—I will go with you—I will!"

She tried to make it clear, although she only half understood, herself. But he wouldn't let her; for he didn't care. What difference did it make what had held them apart, and what now united them? They were too wise to spoil their perfect moment, and it would have taken time

So they clung together, splendid man and splendid woman, enlocked, his one arm as strong as two. They only knew that, as their lips met, they reached the joy they had been hungry for. How could they know that, as love wove the spell of trembling lips on trembling lips, their souls had slid together?

The Case at Evelyn Grange

Continued from page 276.

dazed. "Your mistress needs you—she is hurt. Go to her, then run for a bowl of water. Get me absorbent cotton."

Her mind, still receptive, seized upon his orders. Rising, she ran from the room in swift obedience.

Alice Rawlins was first upon the scene. Wendham raised to her a face of marble.

"Mrs. Gaynor has hurt herself in her delirium. Go to my room and bring me down both my emergency cases. They are on the closet shelf—quick!"

As each member of the startled household arrived, they were as instantly dispatched, upon a necessary errand, while he busied himself in deft relief for the sufferer.

"What did you see?" he demanded under his breath of Evelyn—"quick! speak low."

"I heard a swish. She was running from the hall to the gun room like a wild thing. She hesitated as if not knowing where to turn. I jumped up. She ran from me—into the gun room. I was after her, about to call, when she stopped short, looked in at your door there, threw up her hands, and then

snatched at that—pulled it from the rack toward her. Of course it went off. That set is always kept loaded.

"You looked up and saw her playing childishly with a revolver and called to her; she turned and it went off in her hand. Do you understand?"

"Yes," nodded Evelyn, "I understand."

"She has been out of her head for twenty-four hours—you all know."

"Yes," said Evelyn.

"Now go, explain to the confounded police and the rest. She'll live if no vital arteries are cut."

Evelyn rose as his wife and Adele came up.

Mrs. Lawdon, who was running across the polished floor, paused, and turned white.

"How dreadful!" she exclaimed. "Can I do anything?" Already she was backing away. "Anyhow, it's Mr. Evelyn's fault. I think it's criminal to keep a stock of loaded firearms about." She clapped her handkerchief to her mouth. "Oh, how sickening! It makes me ill!" She turned and fled.

Limp and white, but more than half conscious, Nellie lay upon the divan where she had been carried. For a moment they were alone, and as Boyd bent above her, her eyes, full of agony and despair, met his. Her pale lips moved.

"You know," she whispered with painful effort. "You know—I don't want to live!"

He smoothed back the hair from her forehead with a touch infinitely protective and tender.

"I'm taking care of you—in every way—Trust me!"

To be continued

The Electric Light Bill

Continued from page 246

me, for you saved Eileen's life and mine—the lad would never have a chance to do the things his mother and himself have planned. Nobody would trust him. They'd say that his father was a thief, and the chances are that he would become one. It would break her heart and—"

He ceased and stared at Carter. The latter felt the gaze and turned and faced him.

"Michael," he said, "if I ever do ask you to vote for such a bill you refuse me."

He went directly back to Mitchell's room. He found him there with Nellie. As he entered Mitchell looked up quickly.

"Well?" he asked.

"He is going to vote against the Electric Light Bill," answered Carter bluntly.

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sold their crops for more than the total cost of their land. You missed the opportunity then—will you miss it again? Find out how easy you may start on your own farm through the assistance of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Free literature and information on request.

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"Did you ask him to vote for it?" asked Mitchell, incredulous.

Carter hesitated for a moment. Then he told the truth.

"No," he said, "I did not."

Carter never remembered how he left the hotel and Albany behind him on his way to New York. He vaguely remembered Mitchell's denunciation and his daughter's curt good-by. It pained him that he could not remember what she had said because he considered that those words would be the last she would ever speak to him.

In this, however, he was wrong. For the story drifted about until, at last, it reached the ears of a humble old Irishman. With supreme courage he went to Nellie and told her all. And so it was that on one sunny day in spring, while Carter was walking in Central Park, a carriage stopped beside him, and Nellie emerged from it and walked towards him with outstretched hands.

"You did just right," she said, "and if you want me—you can have me. As for papa—well, your friend Mr. Donovan told me enough of his methods to put it in my power to expose him—if he does not consent."

The Big Interests

Continued from page 243

Canada's efforts in the war. What are they? High prices and personal extravagance. Hartley Withers, the financial adviser to the British Government has given some advice to the British people in the United Kingdom that is just as applicable to British people in Canada. The cost of the war, he says, can only be met out of what people save and what the various Allied countries can borrow. Canada will from now on find it difficult to borrow money anywhere. To maintain her part in the struggle for democracy she will have to learn to save. If the aggregate wealth of all the millionaires and semi-millionaires in Canada were conscripted it would be a mere bagatelle as compared with the savings of the people of moderate incomes. It would be as a mere drop in the bucket as compared with what could be saved by the wage-earners and salaried classes if they were subjected to a much modified system of economy on the lines enforced in Germany.

Where The Burden Lies.

If, as Hartley Withers says, the people paid more in taxes and saved more, less paper money would be needed and in consequence prices would come down proportionately. But to date Canadians have not economized. More showy and expensive garments, high boots and fancy foods are being pur-

chased than ever. Money was never so easily obtained and as usual under such conditions, never so freely wasted. If the "dope" of the newspapers touched individually the conscience of the citizens on these national failings, as effectively as it has built up illusions with regard to mythical "big interests" and "profiteering" a healthier state of public sentiment would be created. To do so might involve sacrifice of revenue but not of dignity and ultimate influence.

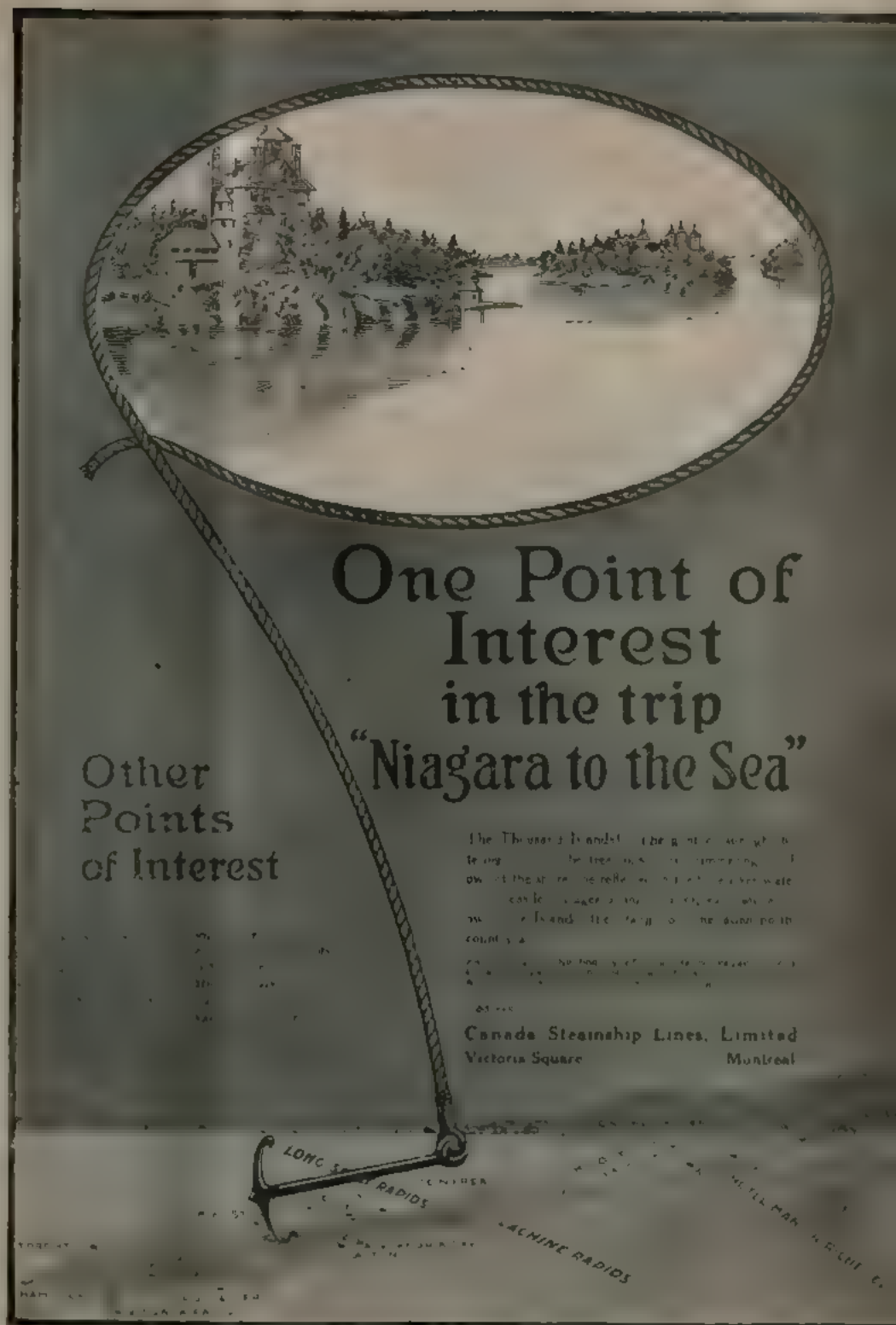
What is most needed in Canada now is to restore industrial and financial confidence, which seems only possible by economy and still greater producing efficiency. It would only turn the development in that direction backward to displace the remarkable individual initiative shown by "government operation" and any substantial progress in that direction will precipitate further business distrust.

Current Events

Continued from page 280

compared with some of the things which Americans have said about themselves. All over the country, in New York, and New England, and Virginia, and Kentucky, and California, and Oregon (and very particularly at Oyster Bay), I have heard the most unsparing criticisms uttered by thinking, travelled Americans against their own apathetic countrymen. Such men were bitterly ashamed of the figure which their beloved America had cut in the eyes of the world, and they were burning to see her step forward and play her part in the war, not merely because of the principle at stake, but in order that she might "make good" in certain matters of national honour.

With this earnest and powerful influence at work, why did America hold aloof so long? That is the question which has been debated in Allied circles for many a day. It has been debated, as already noted, with even greater vehemence in certain American circles. And the explanation—the explanation which the stay-at-home Englishman and the stay-at-home American have both failed equally to grasp—can be found by looking at the map and comparing [illegible] with the size of the other countries of the world. We who live in an island [illegible] the conflicting interests, and the abysmal ignorance of one another which



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The National Service Board of Canada.

OTTAWA. 18

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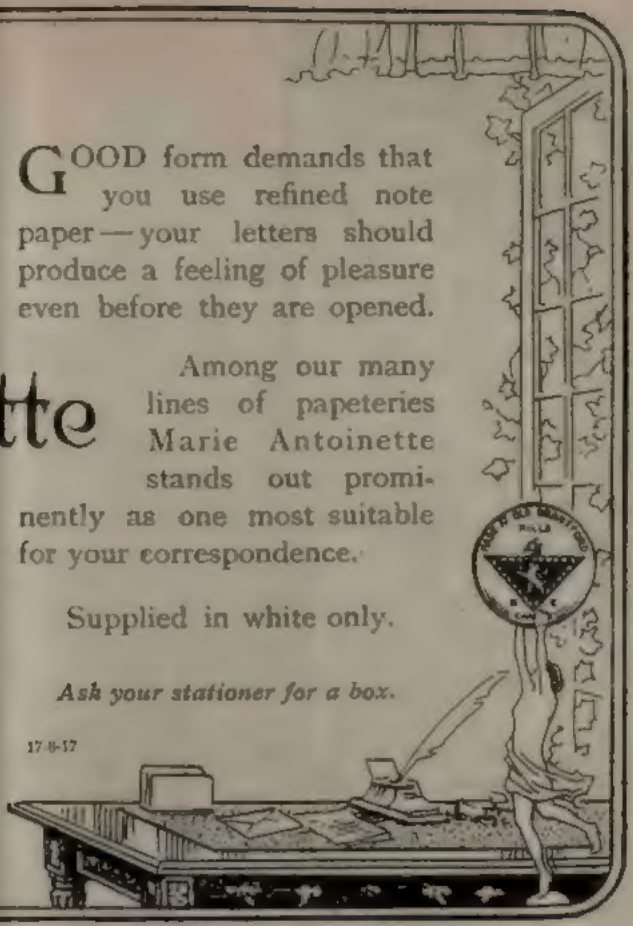

characterize the heterogeneous elements of the great nation across the sea.

A Study of the Map.

What does the map show us? A country—or rather continent—stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Tropics to Canada. New York State alone is not much smaller than England; California is larger. Within the boundaries of this huge federation you will find every type of humanity, several distinct languages, every degree of education, every shade of public opinion. Most countries are dominated by their capital. In America there are a vast number of populous cities, each a little centre in itself, with its own newspapers and its own opinion of things in general and the rest of America in particular. Again, the sturdy American democrat is apt to smile upon our social water-tight compartments, and tells us that "in the United States we are one class only." But in truth America is, above all other countries, the home of intellectual and social extremes. Let us take a few examples. In the universities of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, to mention only a few—for this great land is literally sown with seminaries, nobly endowed—you will find scholars of world-wide reputation. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and the great cities of the South you will find families of wealth and refinement whose ancestry can be traced back three or four hundred years. There is no prouder aristocracy in the world. In public life you will find bankers, financiers, and heads of great commercial enterprises who have achieved the last word in business organization. Some one once said that there were only three invincible organizations in the world—the Roman Catholic Church, the German Army (before the war, presumably), and the Standard Oil Company of America. Again in the laboratories and work-shops of the Northern States you will find mechanical and inventive genius at its highest point. The names of Thomas Edison and Orville Wright are the first which suggest themselves as illustrations.

Now for a slightly different angle. Living under the same flag with these—less conspicuous, mayhap, but returning two Senators to Congress per State notwithstanding—you will find men of the "Solid South," who still remember the "carpet-bagger" of the North and the dreadful days of the Reconstruction period—men to whom the word "Yankee," instead of meaning, as to us, an American citizen, is still almost a term of opprobrium. In the Middle West you will find farmers of Kansas and Illinois who regard New York City as an annex to hell, and who care nothing for world politics so long as their pigs get safe to Chicago and their wheat to Minneapolis. Further west again, cut off from their fellow-countrymen by trackless deserts and impassable mountains, you will find isolated communities like Denver and Salt Lake City, each with its own activities, traditions, and public opinion. Further west still, in country that grows more beautiful and wonderful as you proceed, you will come to the Pacific Slope, where oranges and peaches grow in the open air, and flowers bloom all the year round, but where life is beginning to be complicated by Asiatic problems of which the East knows nothing. In the North-West, again, you will find certain thriving seaport towns, not altogether insensible of the proximity of Canada. (Seattle, for instance, has a great deal more in common with Vancouver than with San Francisco.) Lastly, in South-Western States like Arizona and New Mexico you will encounter certain interesting and primitive communities (each, remember, returning its quota to Congress), who invent their own customs and practise the same without assistance. The other day, for instance, in one of these States a crowd of about a thousand white persons, men and women, decided that a certain negro criminal ought to die forthwith. So they put him in a cage, poured paraffin oil over him, and roast-

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CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

ed him alive. No one seems to object to these engaging tribal customs. At least, Washington took no steps in the matter, and apparently never does. But the incident affords us a useful sidelight upon the difficulty of standardizing American thought.

Nationalities And Languages.

Take nationality and language again. First of all, let us get over the delusion that America is entirely inhabited by our "cousins"—people of pure British descent. Before the war nearly two million immigrants entered the United States every year. Very few of these could speak English. To-day, it is said, only one-half of the inhabitants of Manhattan Island (the main part of New York City) are American born. If you take a walk down the lower end of Fifth Avenue during the dinner-hour, when the mighty skyscraping office buildings of perhaps forty storeys have temporarily decanted their human contents on to the pavement below, you will find yourself elbowing your way through a crowd which is more fitted to serve as an ethnological museum than as a representative body of capital citizens. Within the compass of a mile you will probably hear seven or eight languages spoken—French, German, Italian, Russian, Polish, Lithuanian, Yiddish, and Czech. Possibly you will not hear English spoken once. You will see men standing at street corners reading newspapers printed in German, or Hebrew, or Modern Greek—papers printed and published daily in New York. New York alone contains more Germans than many large German cities. The same may be said of Chicago. Indeed, the Mayor of that city recently excused himself from issuing an official invitation to Marshal Joffre and the French Mission on the ground that "Chicago is the third German city of the world." But the rest of Chicago declined to stomach this dreadful insinuation; the Mayor was overruled, and Joffre paid a triumphant visit. In other great cities, such as St. Louis, Milwaukee, and Cincinnati, the German population, though actually smaller, is relatively still greater.

And the German is not the only foreign element. In South-Western States like Texas and New Mexico, and even in Southern California, there is a strong Mexican strain, and the Spanish tongue is constantly heard. In San-Francisco, again, you will find a considerable Chinese and Japanese element, who, although they take no part in politics, add to the variegated nature of the American population. Down in Louisiana, New Orleans still retains something of its ancient Gallic atmosphere. In numerous reservations throughout the country you will find the remnants of the moribund Indian tribes; and finally on every hand you will encounter a vast, vigorous, and increasing negro population, all nominally in possession of the franchise. Throw in a few oddments from Cuba, the Philippines, and Honolulu, and you have the tale complete.

And this is the country which we, in our tight little parochial island, expect to speak and act upon questions of international importance with a single voice!

The World's Record Patrol

Continued from page 240.

McGill University, Dr. Phillip Doyle, who for the past two years has been practising his profession in the Arctic Circle, having been appointed to that post by the Dominion Government.

As Corporal Bruce and his strongly-stepping men emerged out of the woods with their party and came aboard the steamer, they reminded one of nothing so much as well-regulated guns. They were "so spruce, so wholly neat and feat."

"Ah!" said my friend in a whisper that was not meant to go around the world, "If I were a rich widow I'd be after treating myself to one of them."

It was an hour or two later when Inspector La Nauze came aboard, he being accompanied by Mike, his dog. Mike, who is nine years old, is only a "yellah" dog, being a pure-bred mongrel but, contrariwise, he has the distinction of having for seven years accompanied his master on all his patrols so that he may be properly classed with Lelaps, the Grecian dog, who never failed to take and conquer whatever animal he was ordered to pursue.

As one looked at the Eskimos with their straight black hair, small black eyes, their complexion like a bronzed tree-trunk, it was to recall a lesson long since learned from a geography long since obsolete, that "North of 49, hardy men pursue the fur trade."

True, oh Geographer! but it has come to pass in these later days that latitude 49 is not nearly so far north as it used to be. Indeed, there are some of us who have even come to think that the Eskimo in his slight canoe riding the waves, and the Indian horseman of the plains in his bucking broncho, are one and the same man. It is also true that the hunters from the sub-arctics are better fed than instructed, and from long riding in their kayacks, slower and heavier of movement

but, God of them all, when these men have killed as many missionaries as the plainsmen, and have been educated in as many law-courts and penitentiaries they, too, will be smartened up to something approaching our near-civilization standard.

Ilavinik, the interpreter, speaks English with fair fluency but cannot be described as "talkative", but for that matter, the same applies to all the members of the police party whose duty it is to be discreet as well as valorous. The oil-eater is clean shaven, wears his hair closely cropped, and with some clothes tied in a sheet and slung across his back, would easily pass for a Chinese laundryman. As for "Patsy" with his smart peaked cap and blue serge suit which he wears as "Special," one would undoubtedly class him as a Cree lad of the better order, recently graduated from college.

Keoha, who has come as witness, is a large man whose physique suggests enormous strength, but a strength that is untrained, untrimmed, and unsophisticated. His palms are almost white from continuous paddling and he has a nose that is much awry. When first he saw the electric light flash into the under-deck of the *D. A. Thomas*, nothing could express his amazement for while Keoha had nightly looked upon the love-mad moon as she chased hard after the sun—a kind of Eskimo Joseph—and while he had seen her catch up with the fugitive upon those rare and blessed occasions known as an eclipse, this was the very first time he had observed her ladyship to come indoors. Yes! it is a far step from the stone lamp of the primitive man to the white, high-volted lamp of the twentieth century. It was on the steamer *River McMurray* that Keoha and his countrymen first saw a cow which they described to the white folk as "a big dog with horns." They asked if the smaller engine which pumped the water for the service of the vessel was the pup of the large engine.

Sinnisiak and Uluksak, the prisoners belong to the same tribe as the other Eskimos, that is to say, the Kogmoliks, or "farther east people". They are suffering very considerably from the heat and flies but if they suffer from the curious looks of the travellers, they hide it well. Although they do not care for our food, they are pleased to be given tobacco which they smoke with evident satisfaction. An old trader who has lived in the north for nearly sixty years, and who knows much about the Eskimos, says that they are not weaned until they are four or five years old, by which time they have also learned to smoke. It is not, he says, an infrequent sight to see a baby-boy draw upon his father's pipe and then upon his mother's breast. Ah well! who shall fix the line in a land where each man is a law unto himself?

The prisoners wear overalls, little peaked caps, shirts and muckaluck or messinke boots which are contrived out of raw sealskin. They smile a good deal and seem attached to the police, whom they trust implicitly. At Fort Vermillion there is a half-wild cat named Lisette whose habit it is to come aboard on each trip of the vessel, and as one watches these men fondling this animal, one can hardly credit the story about the eating of the priest's liver. But those who know say this is a requisite procedure when you kill a man in the north, to allay the "tornarssuit," or evil spirit, who would otherwise avenge itself.

The Eskimos have little or no idea of what is before them. They have been told that "the Big White Chief' must decide what he shall do with them but in their country there is no chief. Their system is a pure democracy and the word *Ishumatak* for "chief", literally translated means "the thinker," or one who decides for the party. When Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, once asked Panigpak who went with Peary on his 1898 expedition, "What do you suppose was the object of all your exertions? What did you think when you saw the land disappear behind you, and found yourself out on drifting ice-floes?"

"Think?" replied Panigpak with astonishment, "I did not need to think; Peary did that."

It is difficult to predicate to what extent the judge and jury before whom these Eskimos are to be arraigned will consider their ignorance of law and their dark and strange psychology, but that some degree of consideration will be given to these vital matters, there can be little doubt. Among their tribes there is no equivalent to the word "punishment." Their nearest approach to this is "revenge." If, therefore, the police had killed their quarry on sight, the propriety of the proceeding would, in all probability, have been recognized by the Eskimos, but the Eskimos would be wholly unable to comprehend any course of action whereby Sinnisiak and Uluksak were taken away, treated humanely, and then after two years deliberately put to death by a process described to them as "capital punishment"—that is to say by strangulation, or by the breaking of the spinal cord through jerking.

The effect of their failure to return would have on the Kogmoliks will doubtless be considered for, upon this effect, must largely depend the security of all other men who travel for any purpose whatsoever in those great polar desolations known as the Arctic regions.

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